

CONAN THE
BARBARIAN

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

25¢ 11
NOV
02498

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

CONAN

THE BARBARIAN™

ALL NEW! THE LONGEST, GREATEST
CONAN EPIC EVER!!



THE TALONS OF...THAK!

CONAN THE BARBARIAN!™

ROGUES IN THE HOUSE



STAN LEE . **ROY THOMAS** . **BARRY SMITH** .
EDITOR WRITER ARTIST

SAL BUSCEMA • **SAM ROSEN** •
EMBELLISHER LETTERER

BASED ON THE STORY BY
ROBERT E. HOWARD
CREATOR OF CONAN

CONAN THE BARBARIAN is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 625 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Published monthly. Copyright (C) 1971 by Magazine Management Co., Inc., Marvel Comics Group, all rights reserved 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 1, No. 11, November, 1971 issue. Price 25¢ per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. by World Color Press, Inc., Sparta, Illinois 62286. Subscription rate \$3.50 and \$4.00 Canada for 12 issues including postage. Foreign subscriptions \$5.00.



HAH! I'D LOVE TO TEST THAT BOAST, LONGHAIR. I'VE BROKEN BETTER MEN THAN YOU IN MY NATIVE KHITAI!

BUT, THEY NEED MEAT FOR THE GALLOWS, COMES THE DAWN--AND SO...

COME BACK HERE, YOU SLIMY...



THE HARSH CLANGOR OF A BLAMMED CELL-DOOR CUTS SHORT THE CYMMERIAN'S WORDS -- SO HE WASTES NO MORE OF THEM...

--BUT MERELY CROUCHES, SILENT--HIS BLUE EYES BLAZING WITH UNQUENCHABLE SAVAGERY IN THE DARKNESS--

AND HE REMEMBERS...



--REMEMBERS AN ETERNITY, ALL PASSED IN A SINGLE EVENING.

YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS, CONAN--PACING ABOUT LIKE A PANTHER.

THE MAZE IS TOO QUIET!

I DON'T LIKE IT, JENNA.



THAT'S FUNNY! YOU--WHO OFTEN GO HOURS WITHOUT SPEAKING--GROUSING OF THE SILENCE.

COME, DRINK--AND YOU'LL SEE THE HUMOR OF YOUR WORDS.

PERHAPS --AND YET--



I'M GLAD WE LEAVE THIS PLACE IN THE MORNING.



BUT, FOR TONIGHT, THIS WINE IS GOOD--AND THE WOMAN--

CONAN--YOU KNOW THE CITY GUARD SEEK YOU, BECAUSE YOU REVENGED YOURSELF ON THAT PRIEST OF ANU.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO--IF THEY CAPTURED YOU?



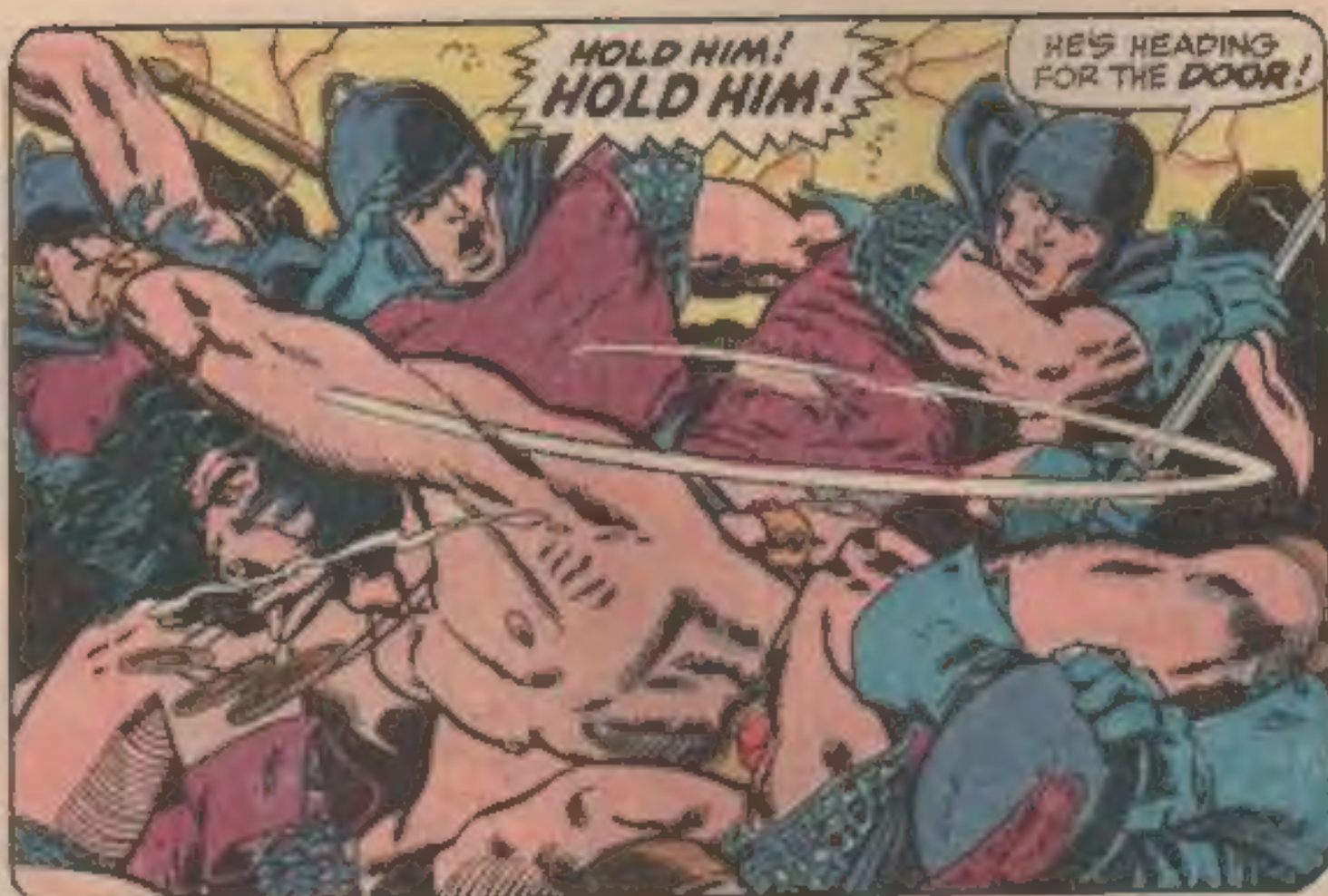
I MEAN--DO YOU THINK YOU COULD BREAK OUT OF ONE OF THEIR CORINTHIAN PRISONS?

BUT--WHY SUCH A--FOOLISH QUESTION, GIRL?

IF NOT--I'D DESERVE TO SHARE MY BREAD WITH RATS.

THE GUARD--SELDOM VENTURE--INTO THE MAZE. I--







JENNA--!



WHAT? HE'S STILL-- AYE--- BUT FAR TOO WEAK TO CAUSE YOU ANY TROUBLE.

LOOK, JENNA. HE SEES ME--- KNOWS IT'S IGON WHO'S TAKEN HIS PLACE IN YOUR AFFECTIONS.

FEAR NOT, BARBARIAN. WE'LL SPEND THE REWARD MONEY WISELY!



YES, THE CIMMERIAN REMEMBERS---

...UNTIL THE TURNING OF A KEY, AND THE RUSTLING OF A COSTLY SILK CLOAK, END HIS REVERIE--

THE EXECUTIONER, PERHAPS--- SENT TO DISPATCH HIM--?



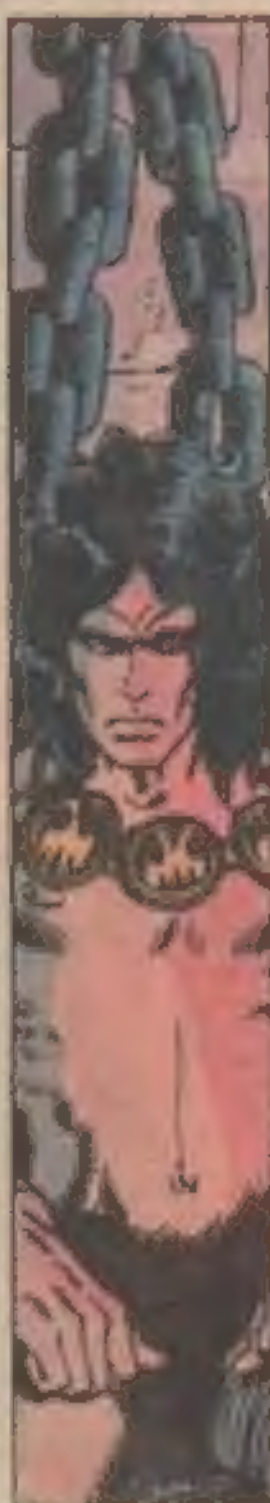
LEAVE ME NOW, ATHICUS--- BUT RETURN WHEN I CALL.

YES, MILORD-- BUT HASTEN, ERE 'TIS CH'UNDA'S SHIFT ONCE MORE.

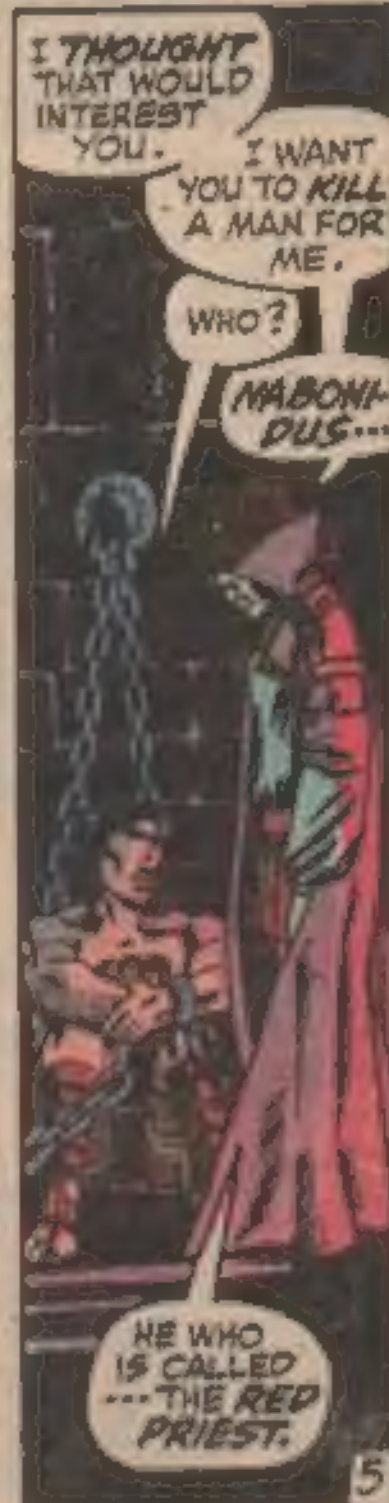
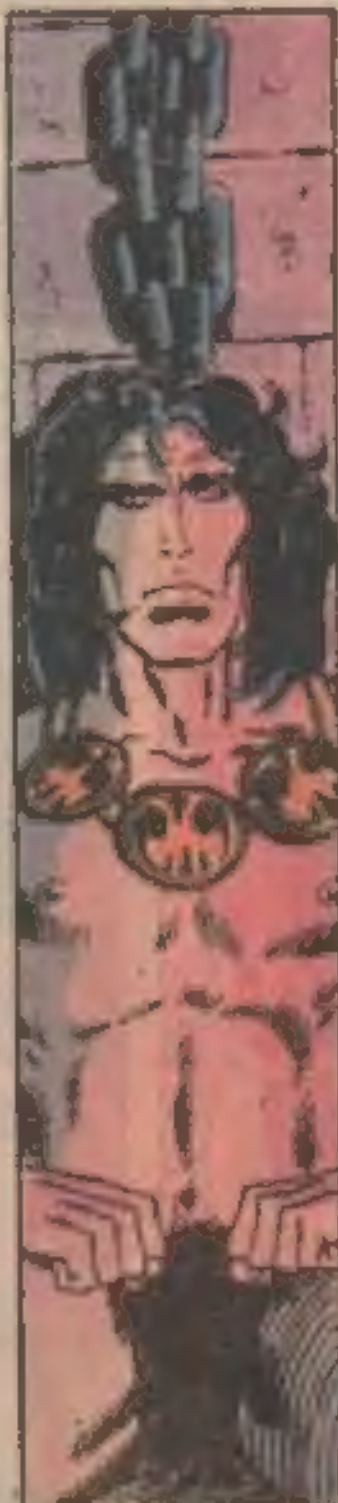
I SHALL NOW GO.



BARBARIAN--- WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE?



IF I ARRANGE FOR YOUR ESCAPE, WILL YOU DO A--- FAVOR--- FOR ME?



I THOUGHT THAT WOULD INTEREST YOU.

I WANT YOU TO KILL A MAN FOR ME.

WHO?

MABONDUS---

HE WHO IS CALLED ---THE RED PRIEST.

I KNOW YOUR STORY. YOU'VE NO MORE REASON TO LOVE NABONIDUS THAN DO I---MURILO.

LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING, OUTLANDER.



ALL MEN KNOW THAT NABONIDUS IS THE CITY'S TRUE RULER ---THOUGH SOME OF US SEEK TO END HIS REIGN.

WELL, NOT AN HOUR AGO, THE RED PRIEST HANDED ME--- THIS.

THE EAR OF MY SERVANT ---ONE WHOM I HAD SENT TO SPY UPON HIM.



IT IS HIS WAY OF TELLING ME--- HE HAS MARKED ME FOR AN EARLY DEATH.

BUT, MURILO HAS NOBLE BLOOD IN HIS VEINS---



-- BLOOD WHICH HE WILL NOT SEE SHED WITHOUT A FIGHT.

ATHICUS!

REMOVE THIS SILENT ONE'S CHAINS, ATHICUS. WHAT DID I PAY YOU FOR?

BUT DO NOT SEEK TO ESCAPE, FELLOW, UNTIL THE PROPER TIME.

AND WHEN IS THAT?

WITHIN THE HOUR, HEATHEN. NEVER FEAR.



FREED OF HIS SHACKLES, THE BLACK-MANED BARBARIAN STRETCHES MIGHTY ARMS--- LOOMING GIGANTIC IN THE DUNGEON'S GLOOM---

---THEN, HAVING KILLED THE PRIEST, GO STRAIGHT TO THE RAT'S DEN TAVERN---

NOW HAVE THAT DOG OF A GUARD BRING ME FOOD. I AM FAMISHED.

---WHERE GOLD AND A FAST HORSE SHALL AWAIT YOU! NOW---



ATHICUS--- A REPAST FOR OUR UN-FETTERED FRIEND!

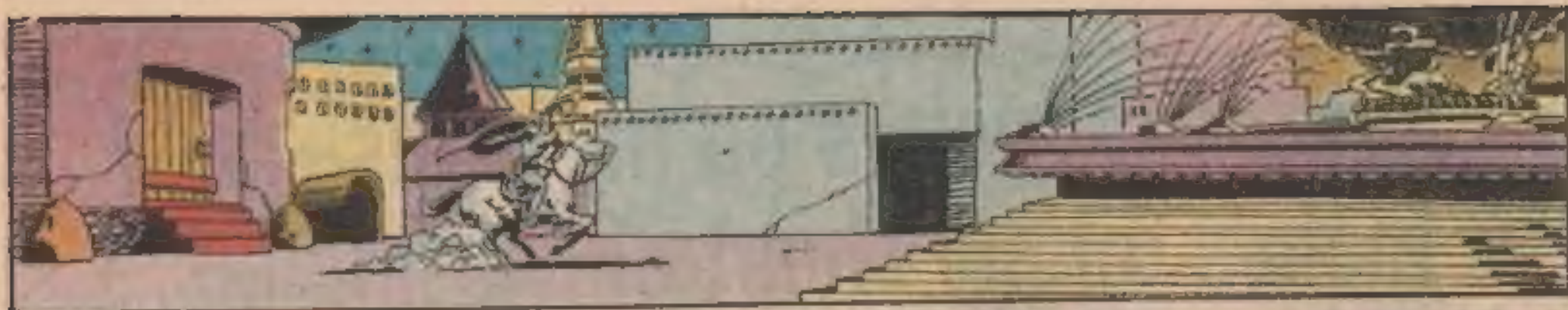
GOOD-BYE. BUT REMEMBER---YOU ARE NOT TO ESCAPE UNTIL I HAVE HAD TIME TO REACH MY HOUSE.

CIMMERIANS DO NOT BREAK PLEDGES.

THAT I KNOW--- OR YOU'D STILL BE ROTTING IN CHAINS.



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

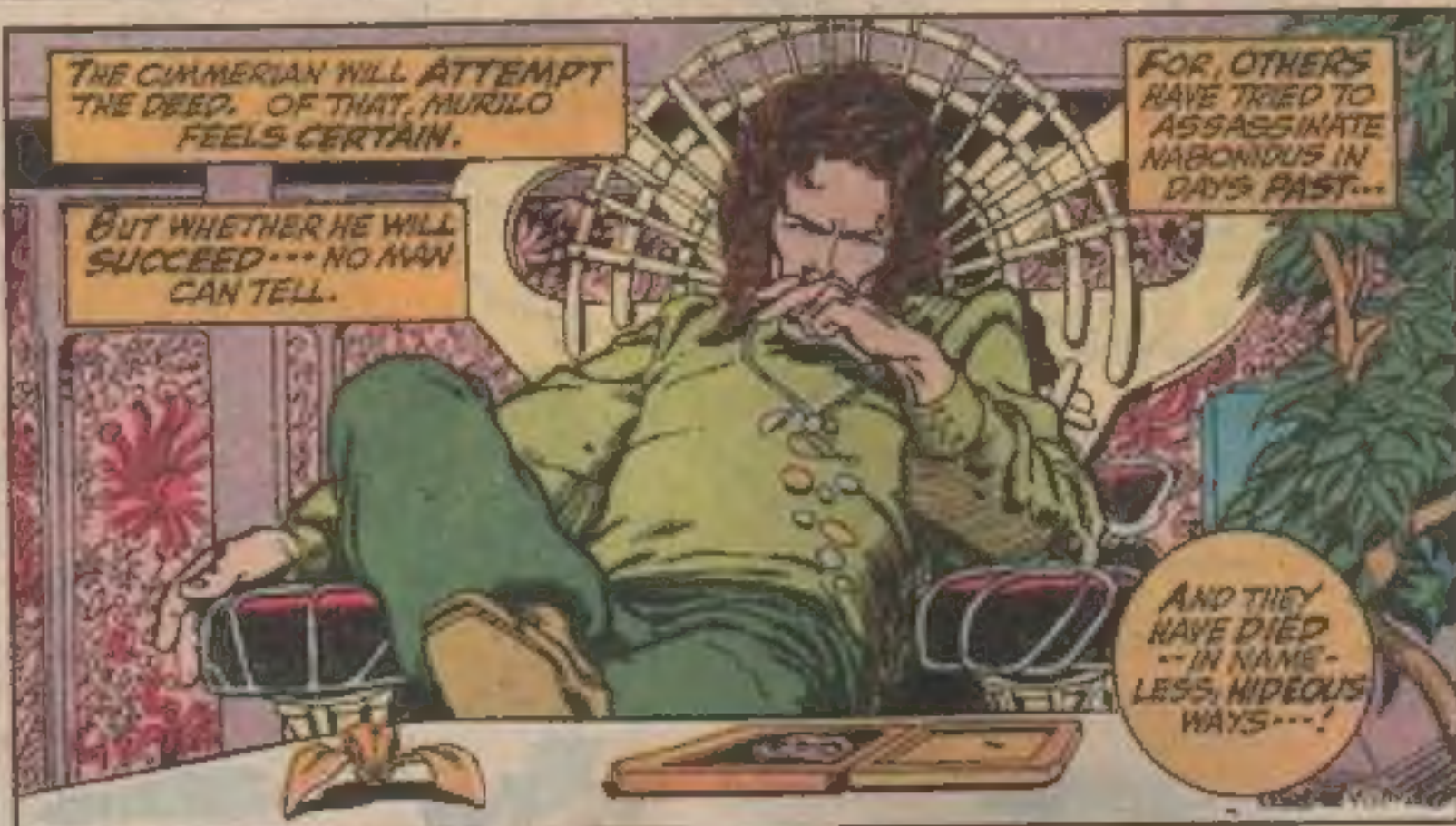


RETURNING TO HIS
QUARTERS, THE YOUNG
NOBLEMAN IS IN FULL
CONTROL OF HIS
FEARS---



THE CIMMERIAN WILL ATTEMPT
THE DEED. OF THAT, MURILO
FEELS CERTAIN.

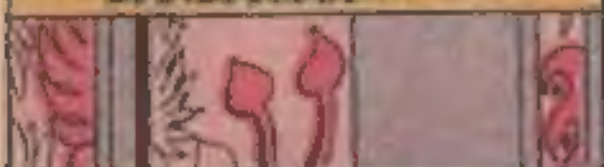
BUT WHETHER HE WILL
SUCCEED--- NO MAN
CAN TELL.



FOR, OTHERS
HAVE TRIED TO
ASSASSINATE
NABONIDUS IN
DAYS PAST---

AND THEY
HAVE DIED
--IN NAME-
LESS, HIDEOUS
WAYS---

AND YET, THOSE OTHERS HAD
BEEN CIVILIZED MEN---
SOFT MEN--- LACKING THE
WOLFISH INSTINCTS OF THE
BARBARIAN---

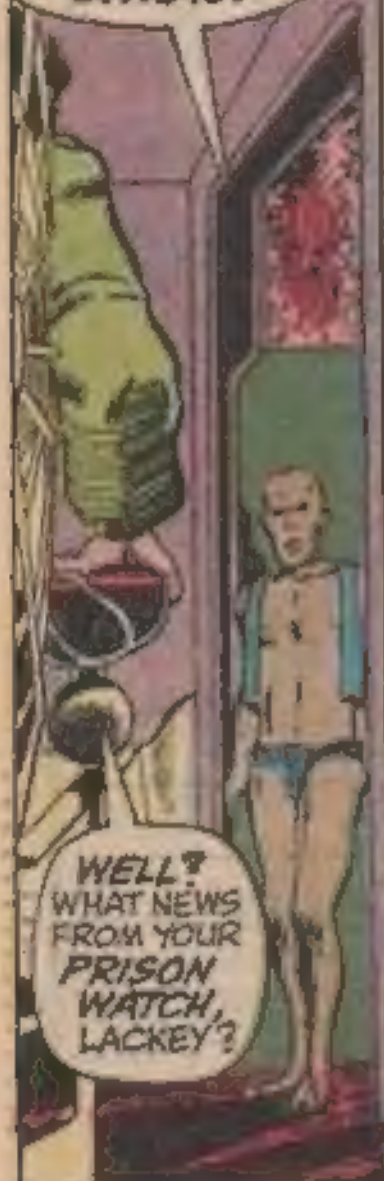


WHAT'S
THAT?
WHO
GOES
THERE?



IF THE RED PRIEST'S
MEN, YOU'LL NOT FIND
MURILO AN EASY
PREY!

IT IS ONLY I,
MILORD-- YOUR
LOYAL SERVANT,
SIVRAJ.



WELL?
WHAT NEWS
FROM YOUR
PRISON
WATCH,
LACKEY?

TH--THE
JAILER
ATHICUS,
SIRE-- HE
HAS HIM-
SELF BEEN
ARRESTED!



THE CIMMER-
IAN--- HAS
NOT
ESCAPED!

ARRESTED?
BUT WHY? ON
WHAT CHARGE?



SPEAK
UP, YOU
WHISKING
CUR!

I--I
DARED NOT
WAIT AROUND
TO ASK THE
CHARGE,
MILORD.

I ONLY
KNOW---
THEY CAME
AND THREW
ATHICUS
INTO A
CELL.

I SEE THE SINISTER
HAND OF NABONIDUS
IN THIS TWIST OF FATE.
BUT HOW--- UNLESS
THE MAN IS TRULY
MORE THAN HUMAN,
AS THE WHISPERS
SAY?



WELL,
THAT'S
ENOUGH
OF DEPEND-
ING UPON
HIRELINGS
TO DO THE
DEED THAT
MUST BE
DONE!

SIRE-- DO
YOU MEAN--?



YES. THE HAND THAT SLAYS NABONIDUS... SHALL BE MINE.



BEWARE, MASTER. FOR, THOUGH NO SOLDIERS GUARD THE RED PRIEST...

I'VE HEARD THERE'S A WILD DOG ON THE GROUNDS... AND THAT HE KEEPS DJINNS AS HIS HOUSE-SERVANTS!

BAH! RUMORS OF FOOLS AND SLAVES!



RUMORS? PERHAPS...

BUT THEN, WHY DOES MURILO'S HEART STICK IN HIS THROAT?



WHY DOES HE RECALL WITH SUDDEN DREAD, EVEN AS HE SCALES THE STONE WALL ABOUT THE PRIEST'S GREAT HOUSE...



...THAT THE HOUR IS MIDNIGHT...?



WHY, MOST OF ALL, DO VISIONS OF DEMONS AND DEVIL SPAWN LEAP TO HIS CULTURED MIND...

...WHEN HE HEARS, BEHIND HIM... A LOW AND THROATY SNARL??



ALL SHALL BE MADE KNOWN TO YOU... ARON.

BUT NOW, WHAT OF CONAN, WHO SITS IMPATIENTLY IN HIS NIGHT-DARK CELL...?

NO, GUARD! ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU LET ME OUT OF HERE?

SILENCE, LONGHAIR! I DON'T NEED YOUR JESTS TO KEEP AWAKE.

HUH? CH'UNDA! I THOUGHT I SMELLED SOMETHING.

WHERE IS ATHICUS?



ARRESTED AND TAKEN AWAY, FIG... AND GOOD RIDDANCE.

IT SEEMS HE PAID NO TAXES LAST YEAR, AND SO...

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT FOOD?



NO ANSWER, EH?

THEN, CH'UNDA WILL SOON BEAT ONE OUT OF YOU!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



WELL, SWINE? DO YOU LIKE THE WHIP SO MUCH?

WILL YOU TELL ME WHO GAVE YOU THAT JOINT OF BEEF, OR---

OR--
OR--



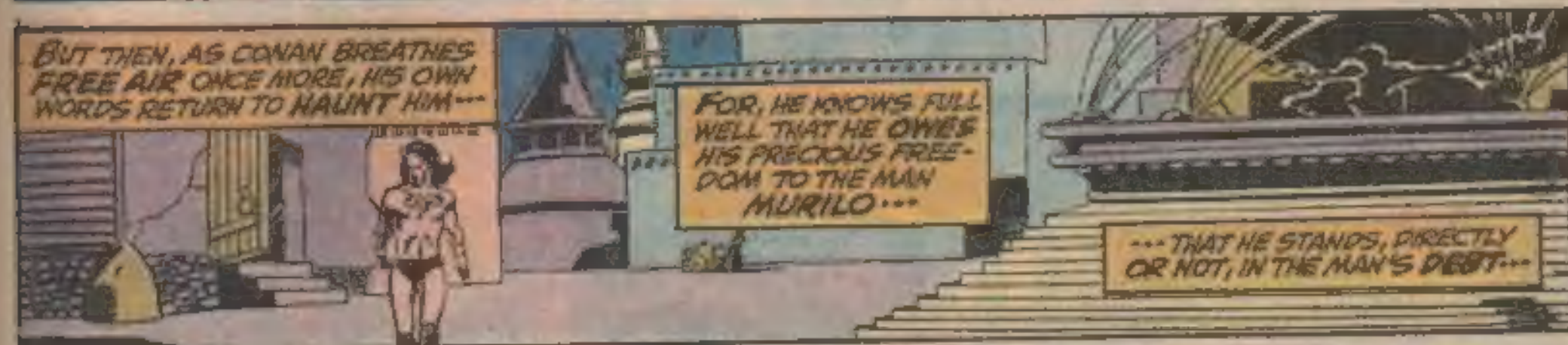
YOU'RE --- NOT WEARING --- CHAINS.



I TOLD YOU WHAT I'D DO IF YOU STEPPED CLOSE ENOUGH, DOG!

AND I ALWAYS KEEP MY VOWS!

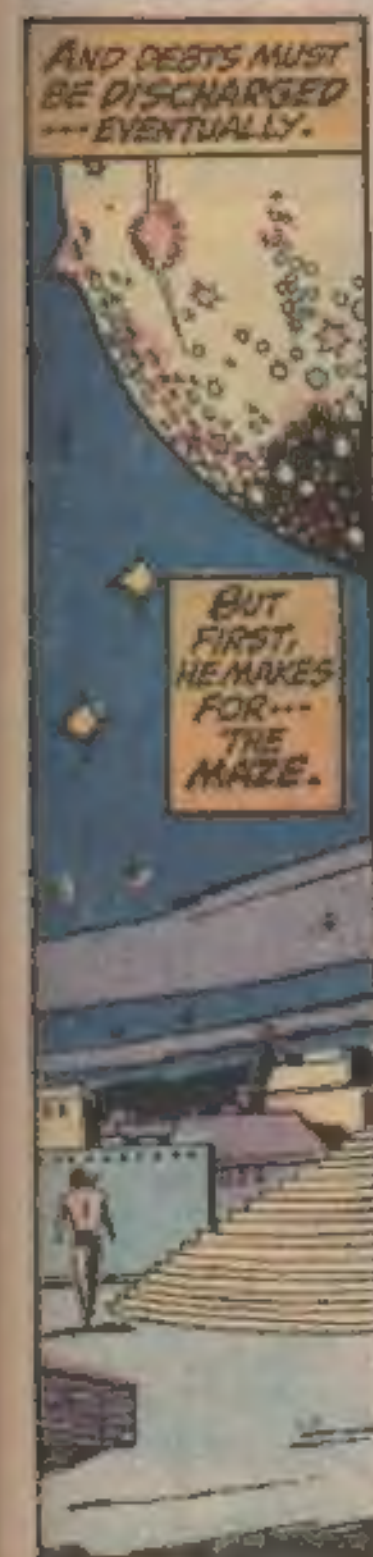
ARRRR
RRR



BUT THEN, AS CONAN BREATHE FREE AIR ONCE MORE, HIS OWN WORDS RETURN TO HAUNT HIM---

FOR, HE KNOWS FULL WELL THAT HE OWES HIS PRECIOUS FREEDOM TO THE MAN MURILO---

--- THAT HE STANDS, DIRECTLY OR NOT, IN THE MAN'S DEBT---



AND DEBTS MUST BE DISCHARGED --- EVENTUALLY.

BUT FIRST, HE MAKES FOR --- THE MAZE.



THE MAZE: A LABYRINTH OF BACK ALLEYS AND DEVIOUS WAYS--OF FURTIVE SOUNDS---



--- AND NAUSEOUS STENCHES.

FOR SEWERS ARE UNKNOWN IN THE MAZE, WHERE MUD AND FILTH MINGLE IN REEKING PUDDLES---



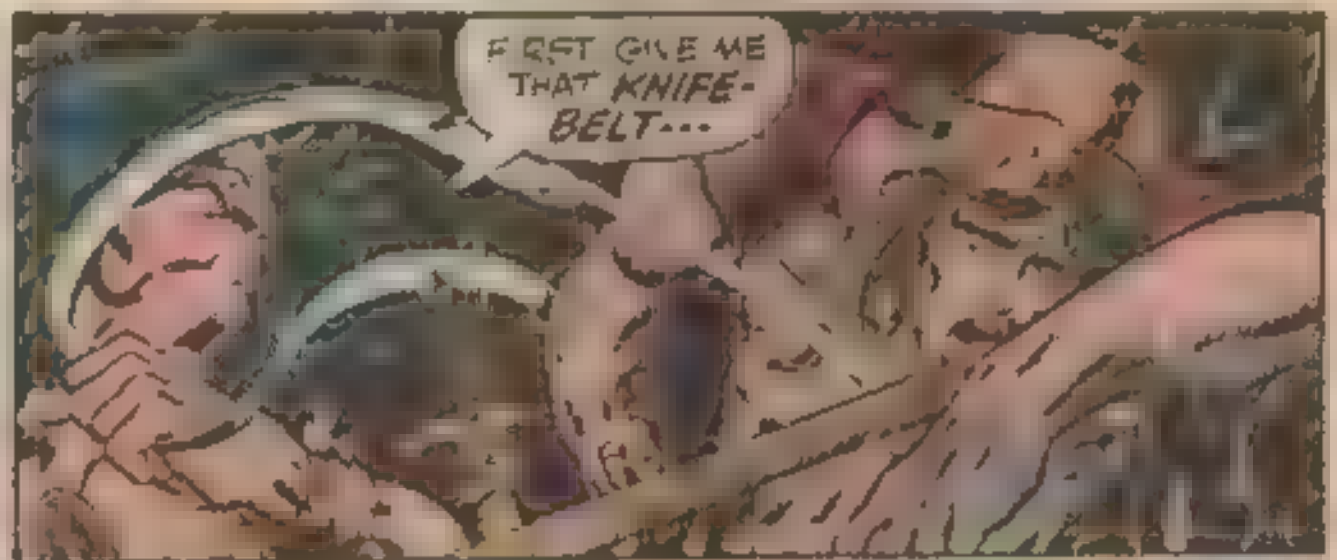
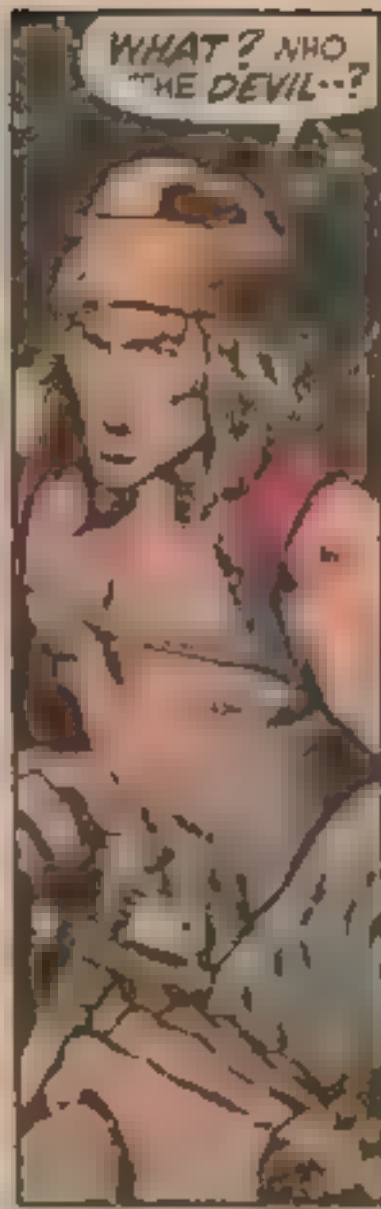
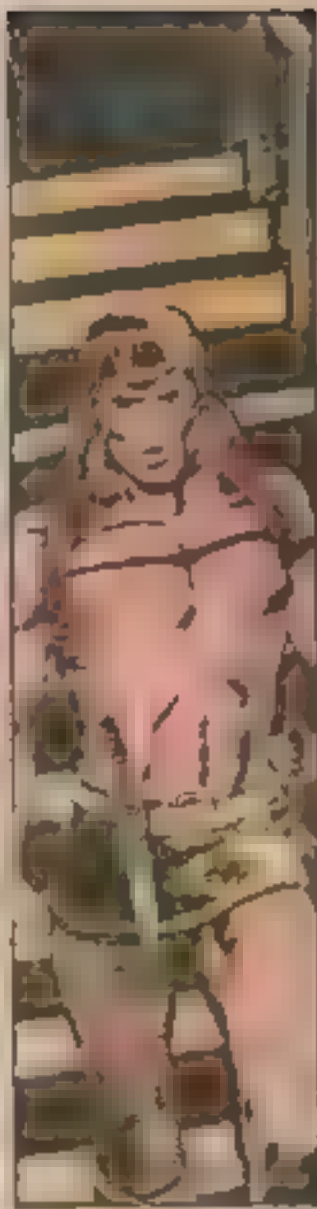
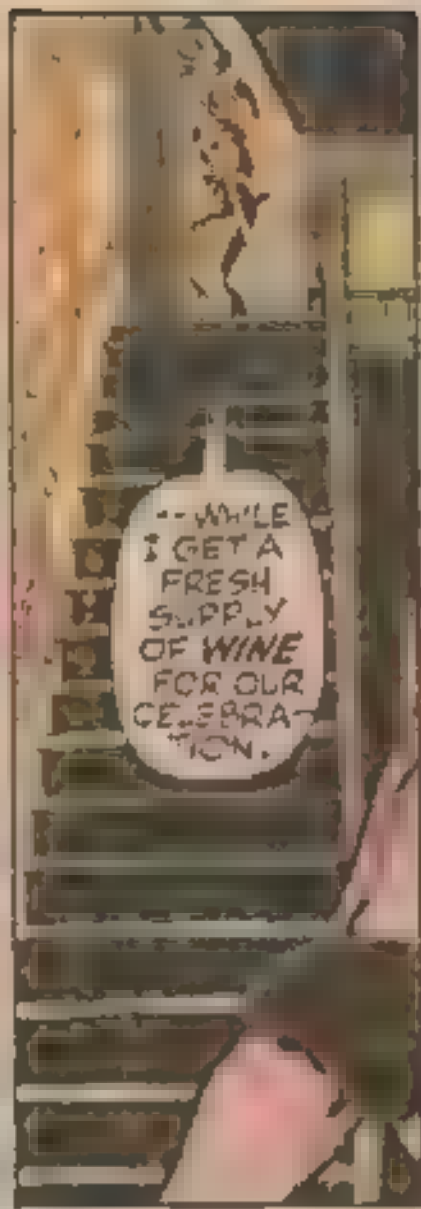
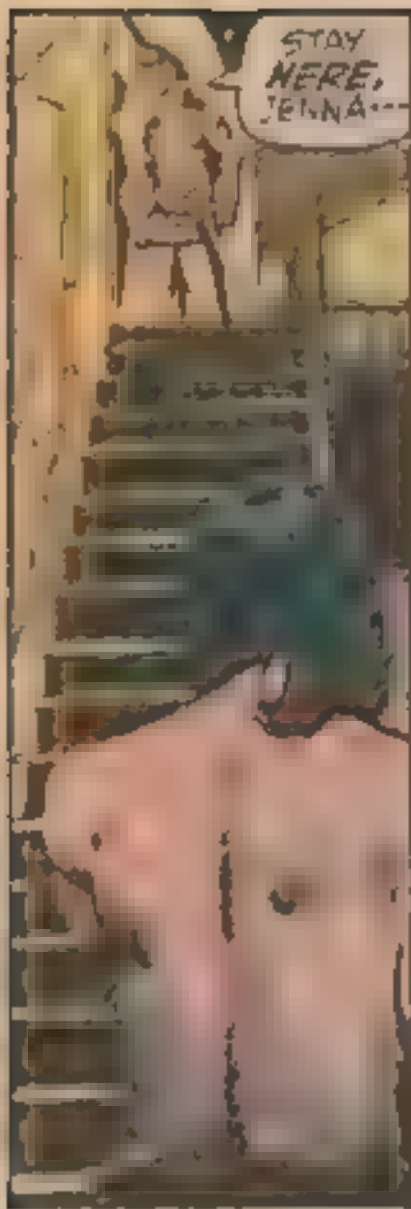
YET, NO STENCH CAN MATCH THE DEED OF ONE WHO HAS BETRAYED HER LOVER--- BETRAYED THE MAN WHO OFT HAS SAVED HER LIFE.

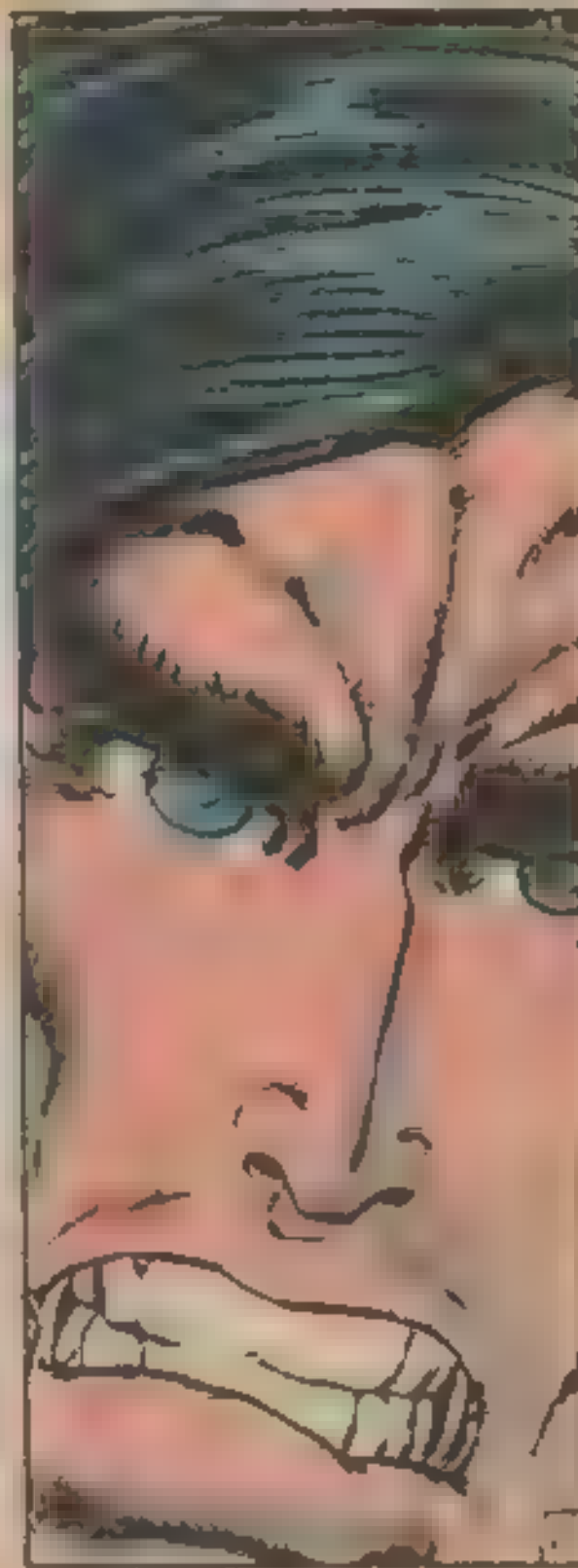
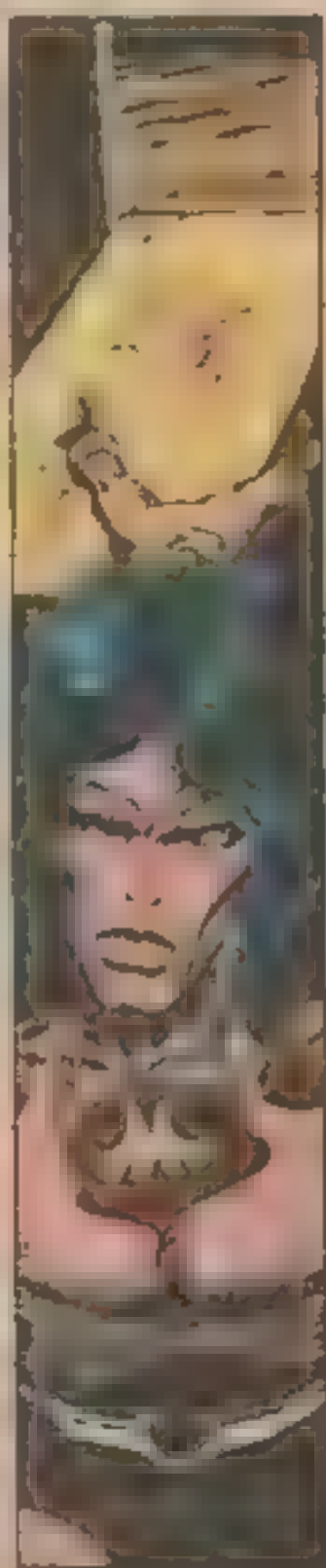
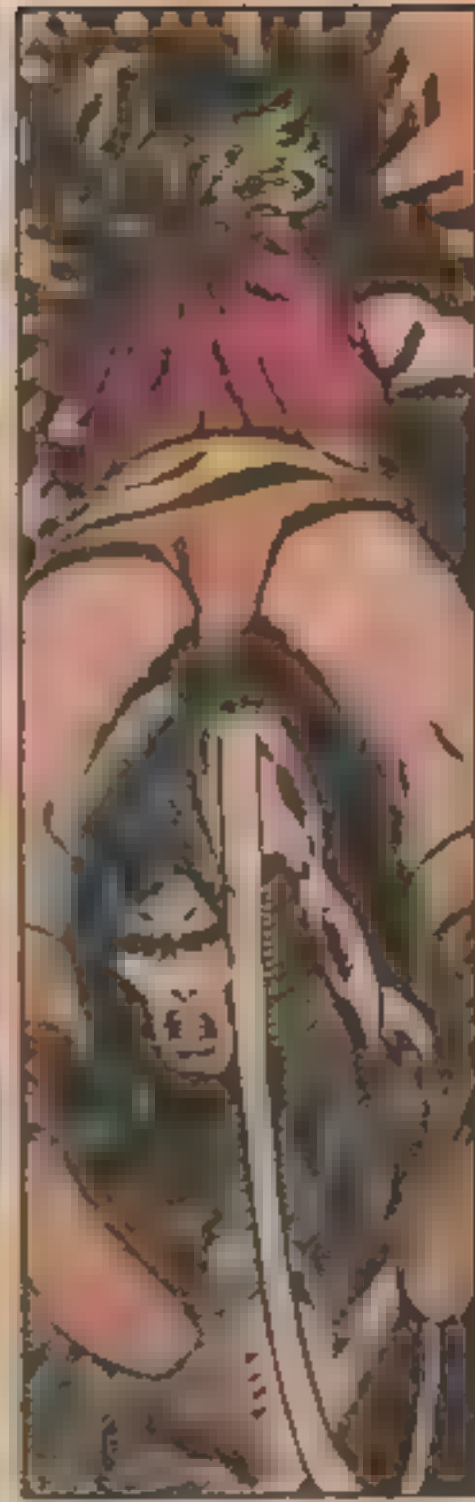
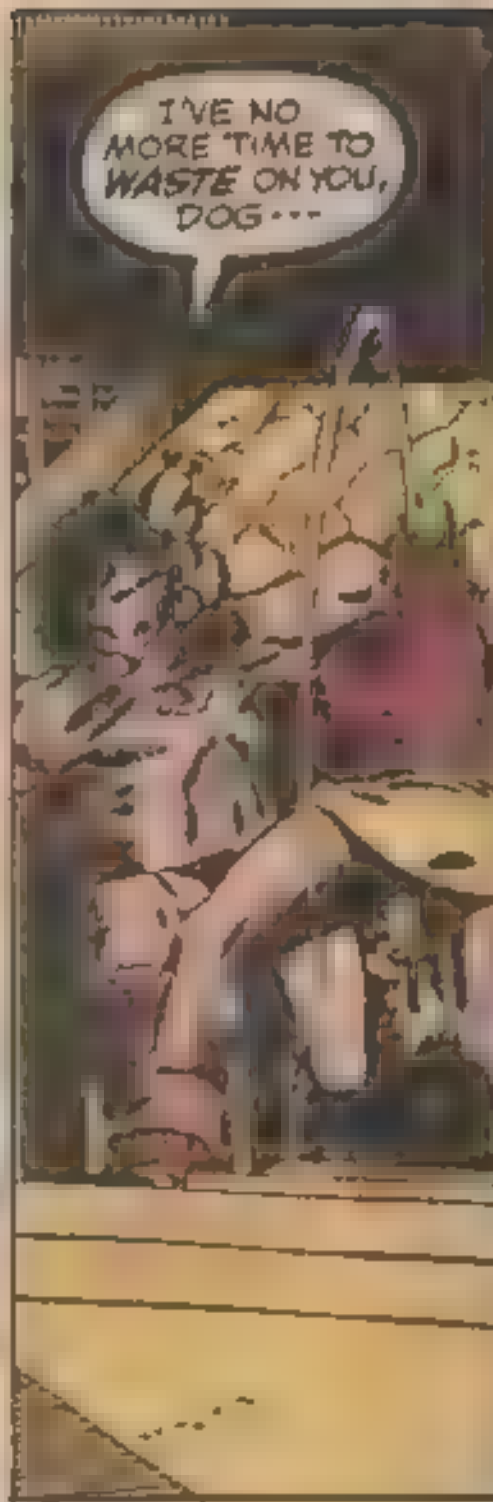
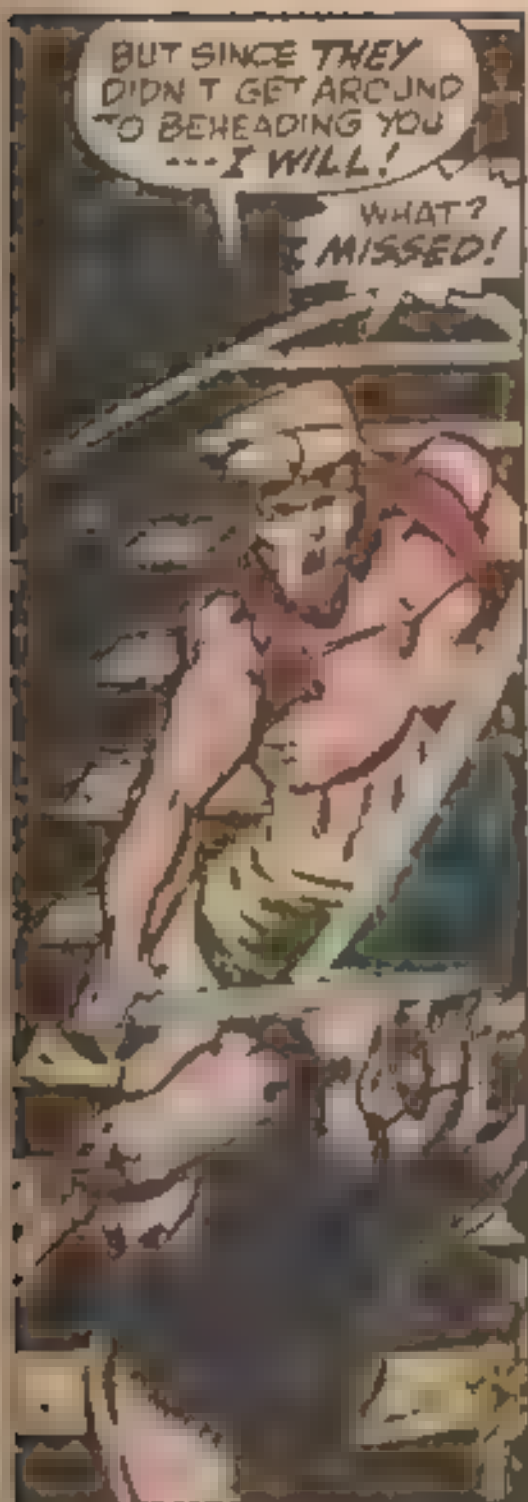
IT IS JENNA WHOM THE BARBARIAN SEEKS OUT THIS NIGHT--

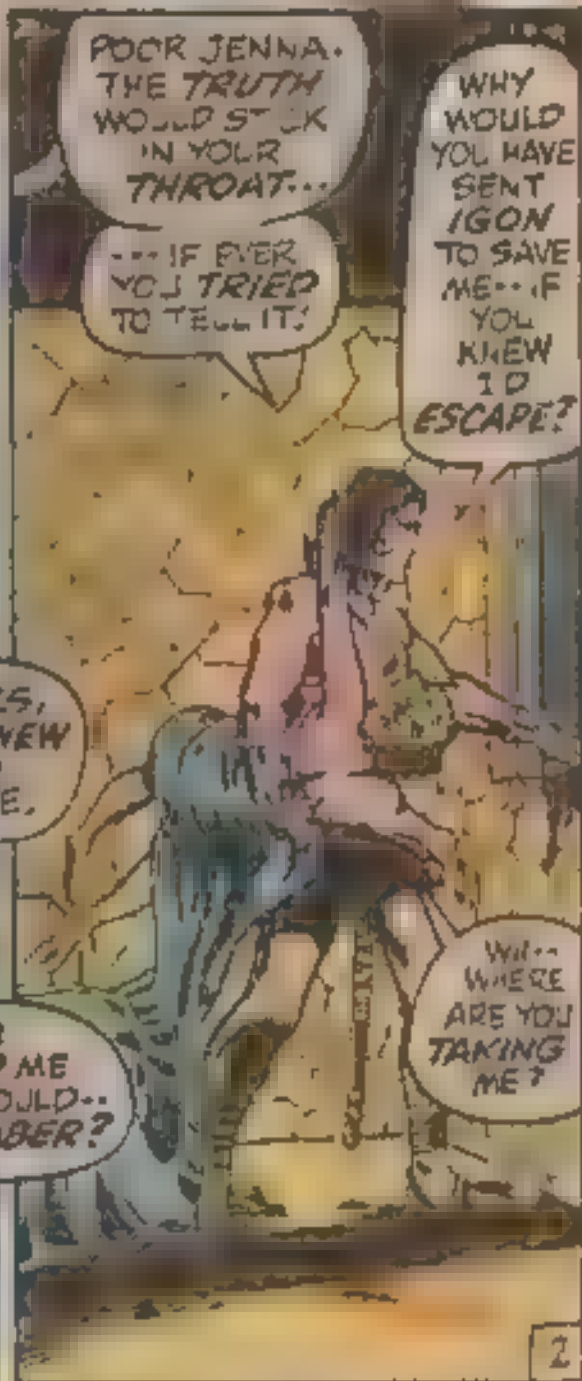
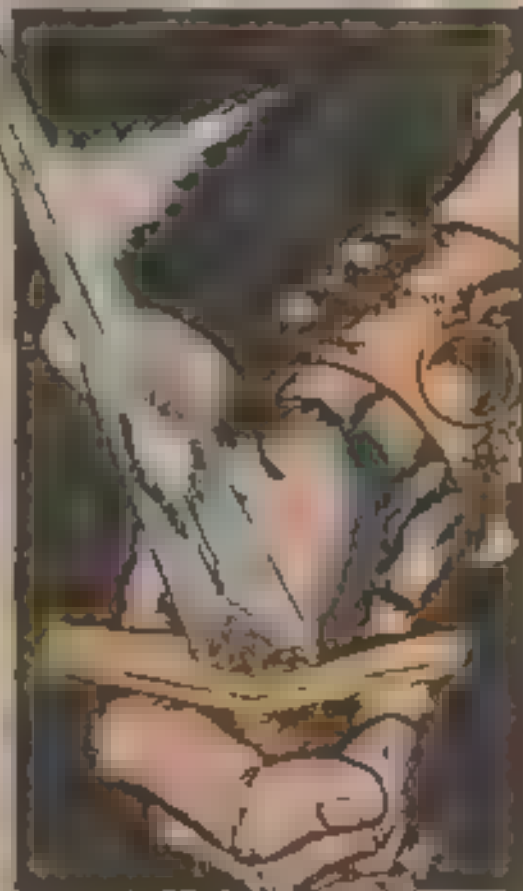
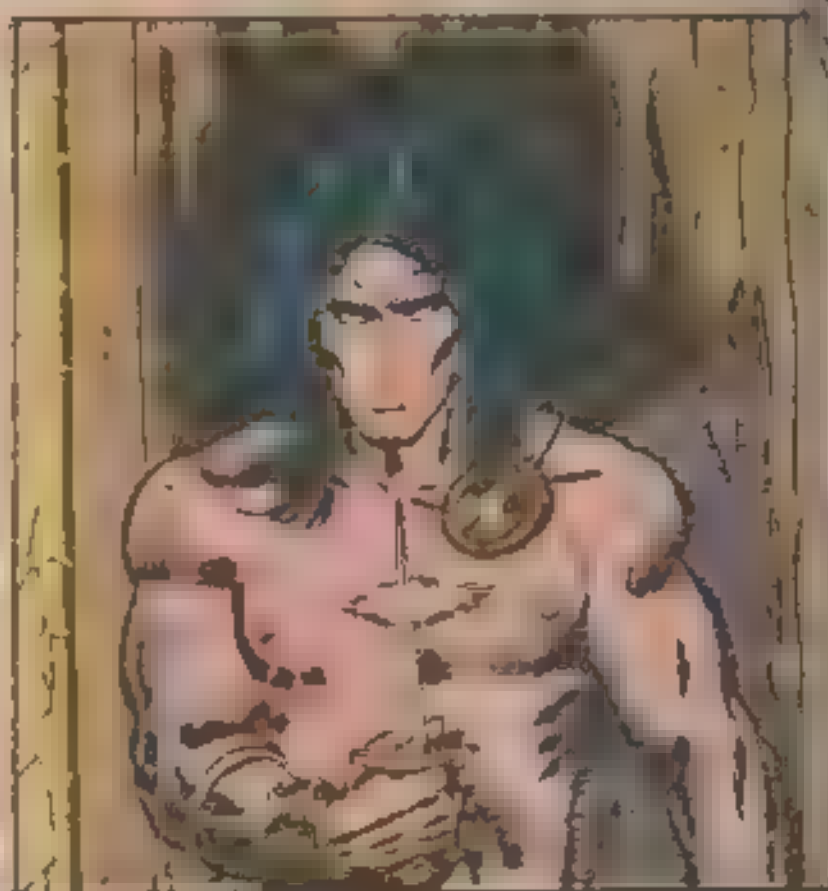
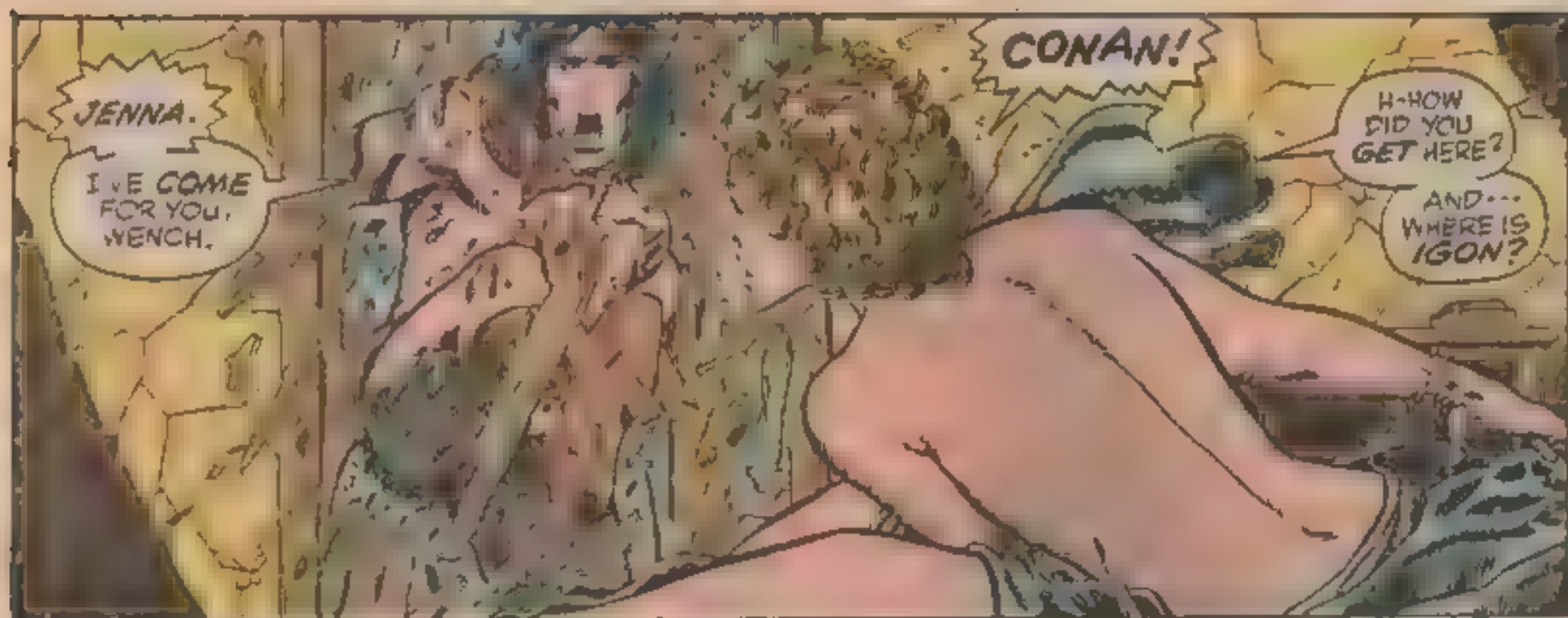


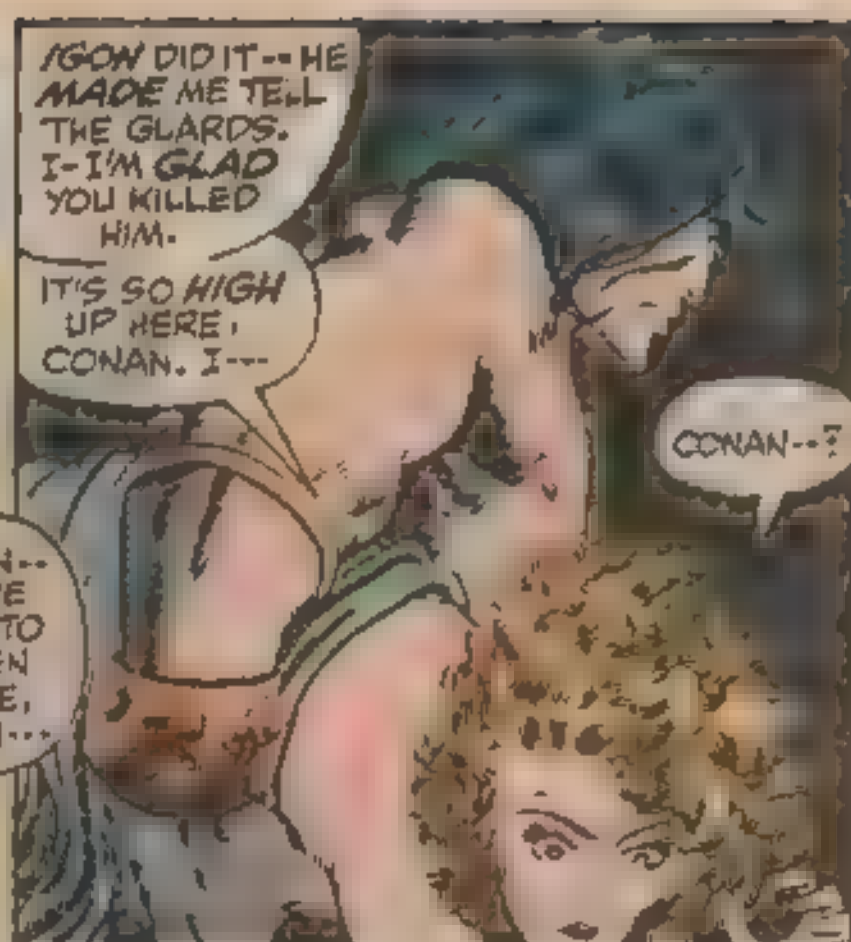
JENNA---

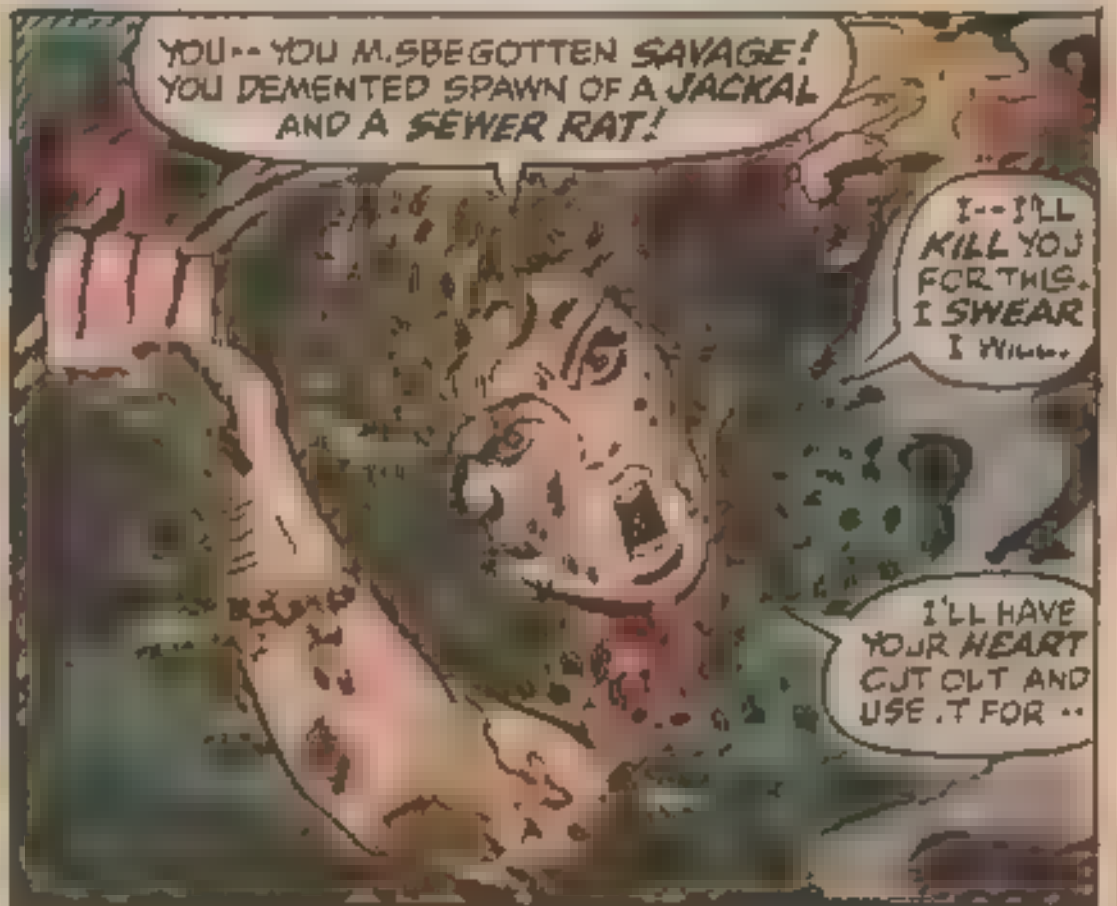
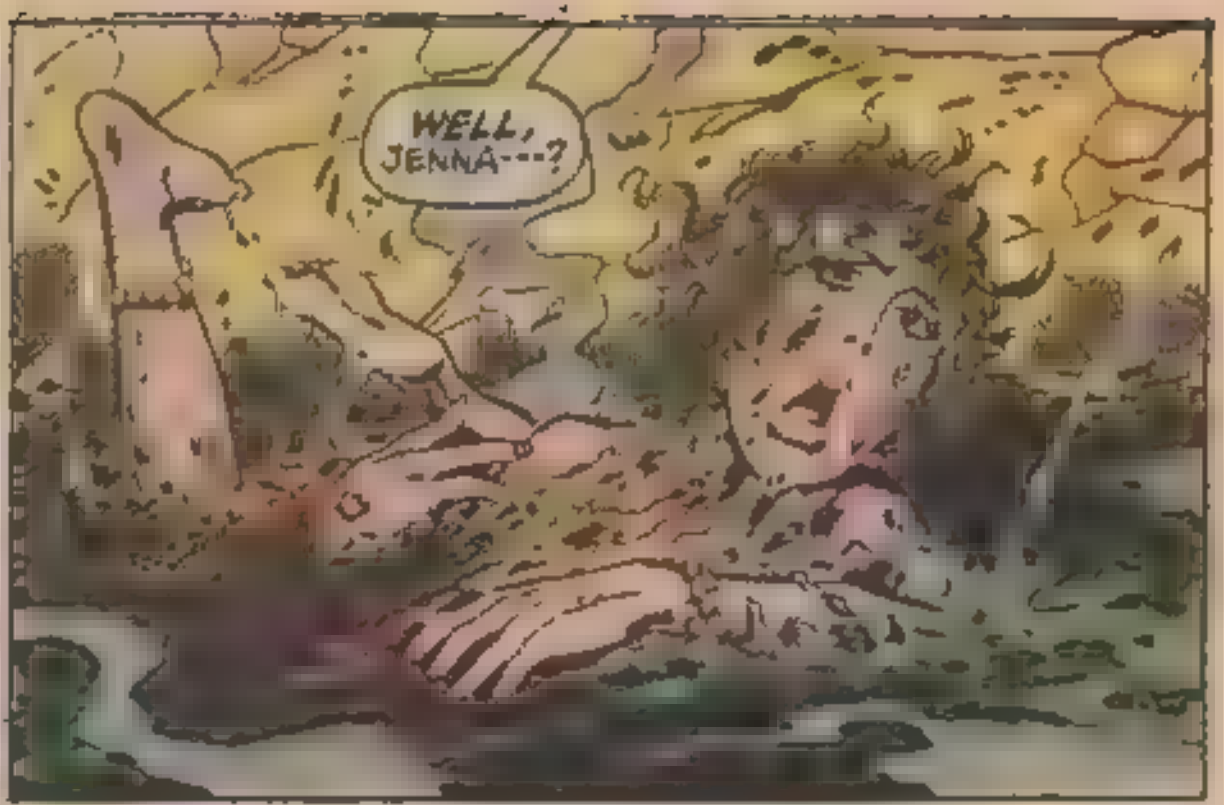
--- AND ONE OTHER!











THE TALLONS OF THAK

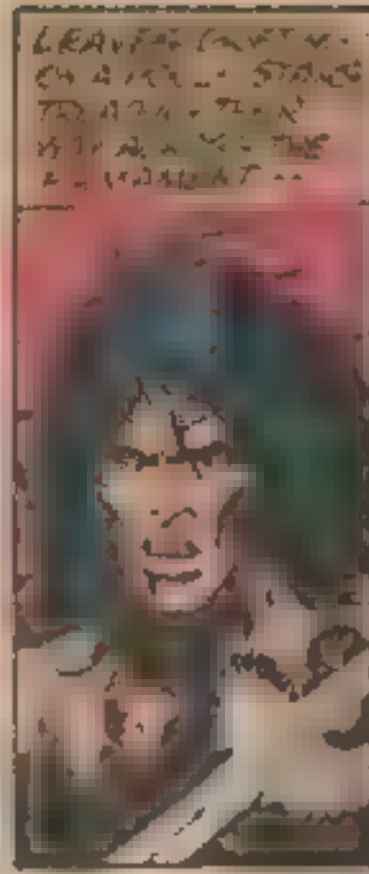
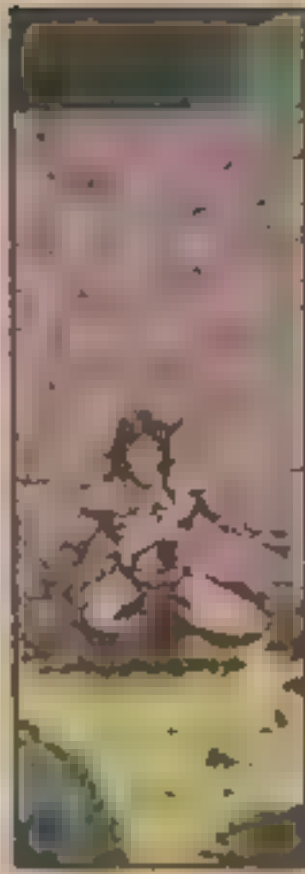
PART
TWO
OF
"ROGUES
IN THE
HOUSE"

LIKE A GREAT ARACHNID SPIDER, THE HOUSE OF THE
RED PREST WATS DOMINANTLY AT THE VERY HEART OF THE
SLEEPING CITY... AS A NIGHT-MAINED BARRERIAN
PREPARES TO BRAKE ITS STEEL-LATTICED WEB...

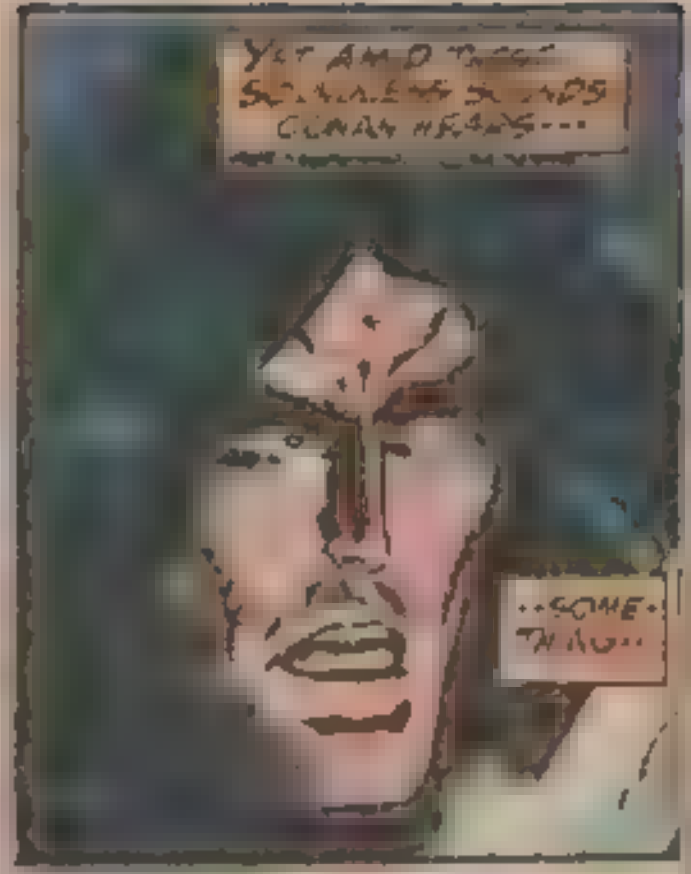
ITS WALLS ARE
LOW, HE NOTES...
LOW ENOUGH FOR
EVEN A CITY-
DWELLER TO
SCALE... LET ALONE
A CIMMERIAN...

YET THE WALLS OF THE AIR-CCKE ELEPHANT
TOWER WERE LOW AS WELL... AND I'LL BE CALLING
WHAT LAY WITHIN THOSE DARK RAMPARTS,
CONAN SMILERS...

BUT, A PRISON
IS A PRISON...
AND HE...



LEAVING ME IN
CHARGE... STAYING
TO PROTECT
MYSELF... THE
EVIDENCE...

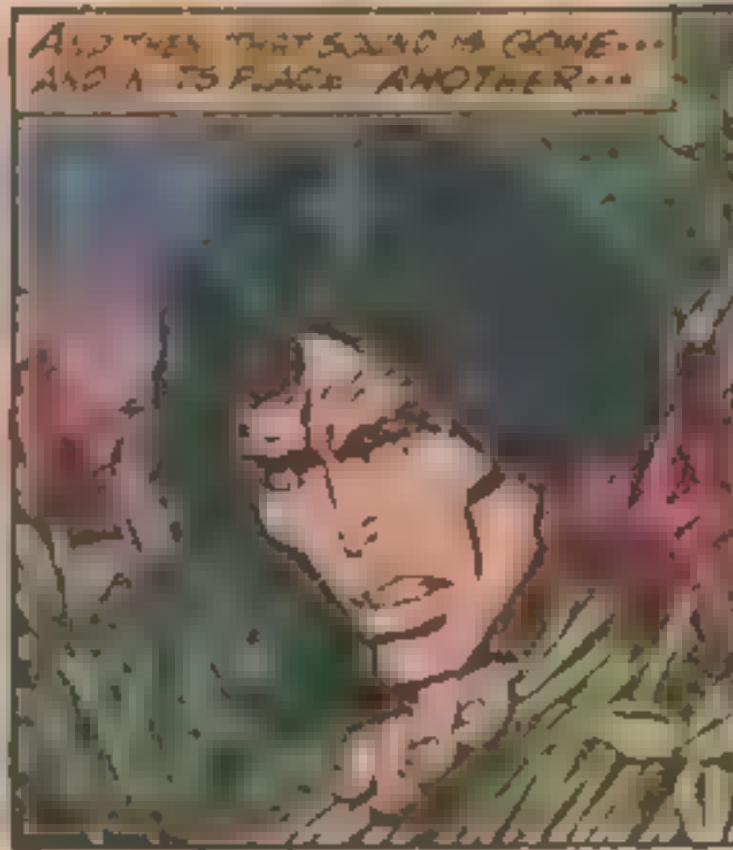


YET AND THEN
SOMEONE SAYS
CRAZY THINGS...

...SOME-
THING...



...SOMETHING
NOT MAN... NOR
YET A BEAST...

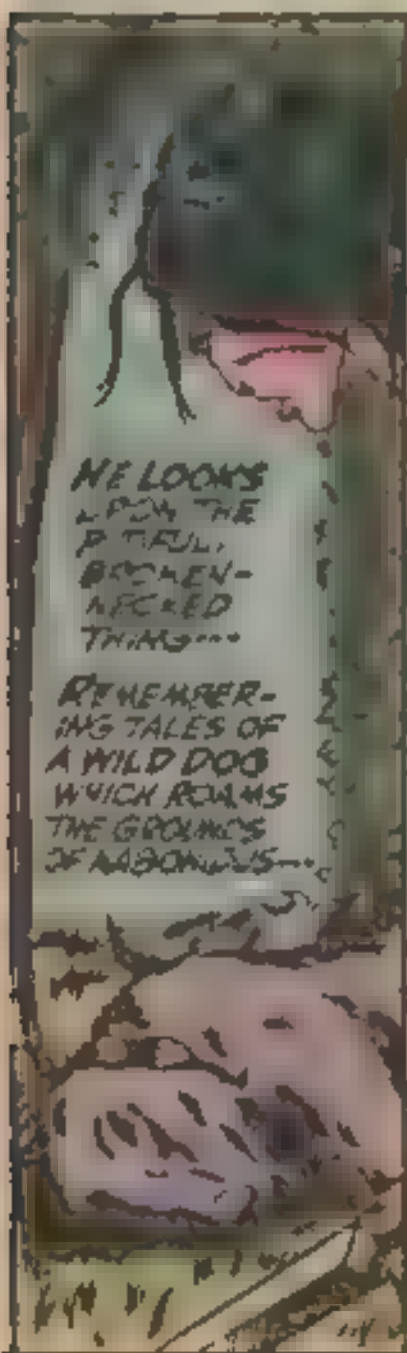


AND THEN THAT SOUND IS GONE...
AND A PLACE ANOTHER...



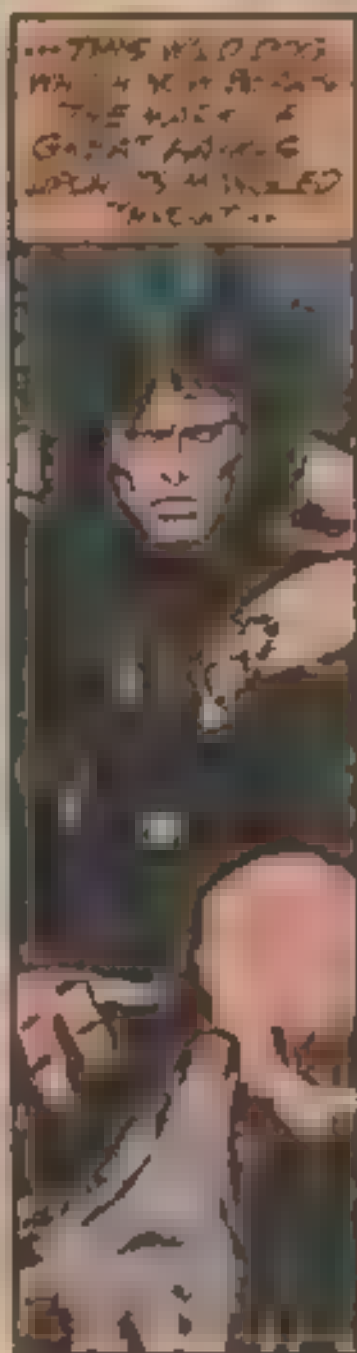
...THE
DRAIN-
WHIMPER
LEADING
AWAY...

...A
DOG...

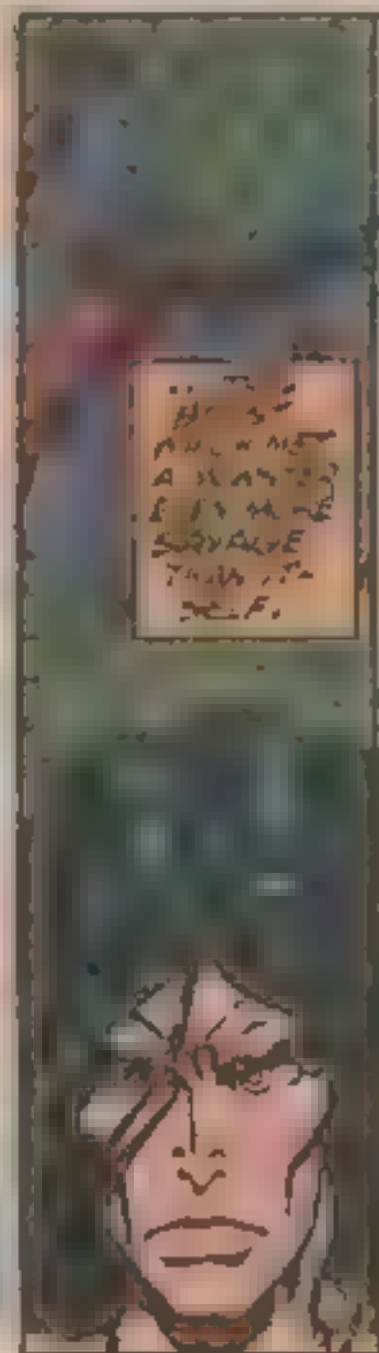


HE LOOKS
UPON THE
DREADFUL,
BROKEN-
NECKED
THING...

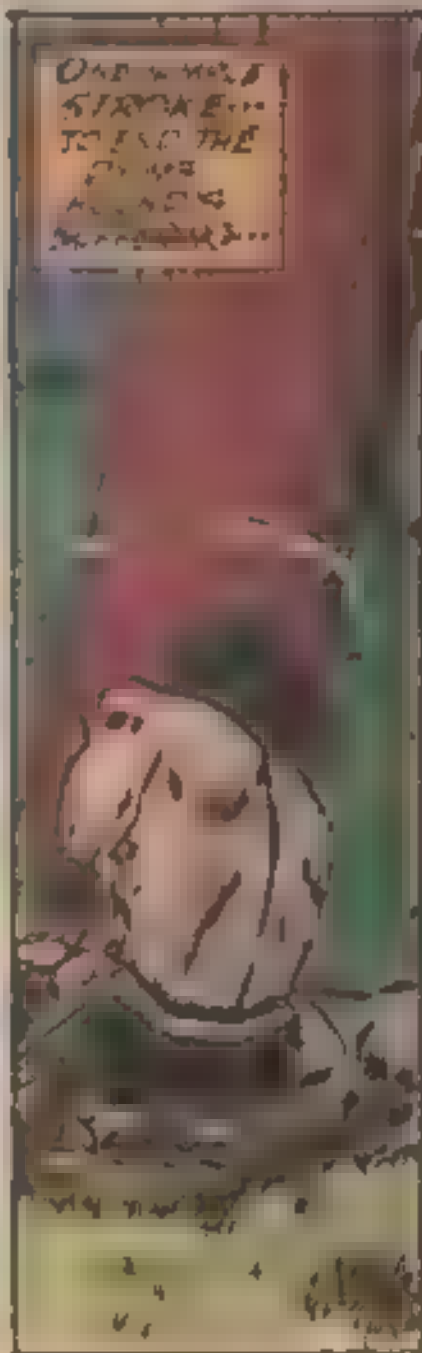
REMEMBER-
ING TALES OF
A WILD DOG
WHICH ROAMS
THE GROUNDS
OF ABBOT'S...



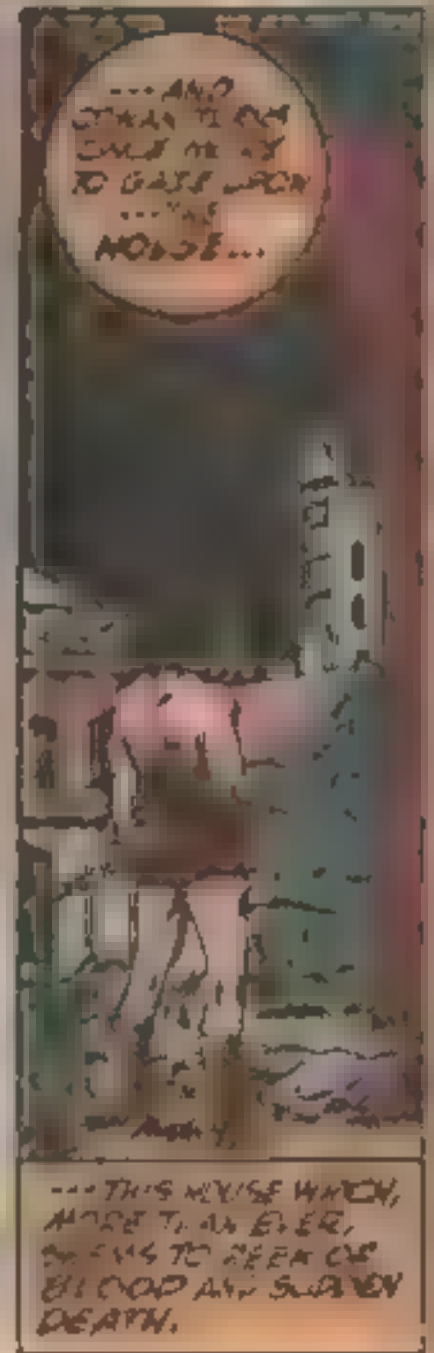
...THIS WILD DOG
WHICH ROAMS
THE GROUNDS
OF ABBOT'S
WHICH IS A
THREAT...



...IT IS
A WILD DOG
WHICH ROAMS
THE GROUNDS
OF ABBOT'S
WHICH IS A
THREAT...

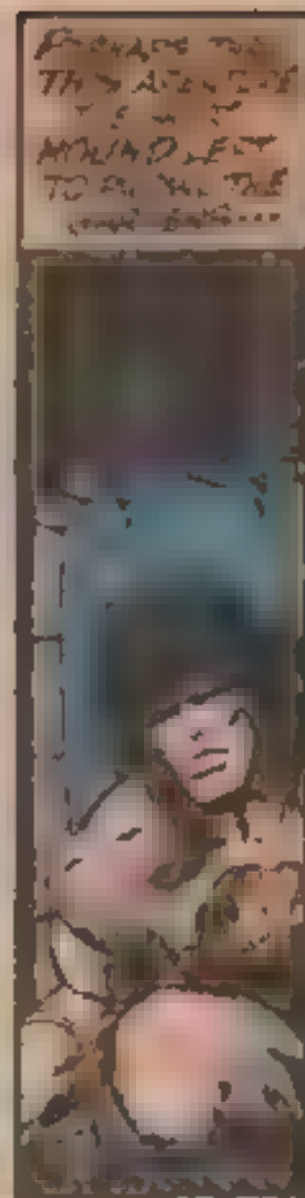
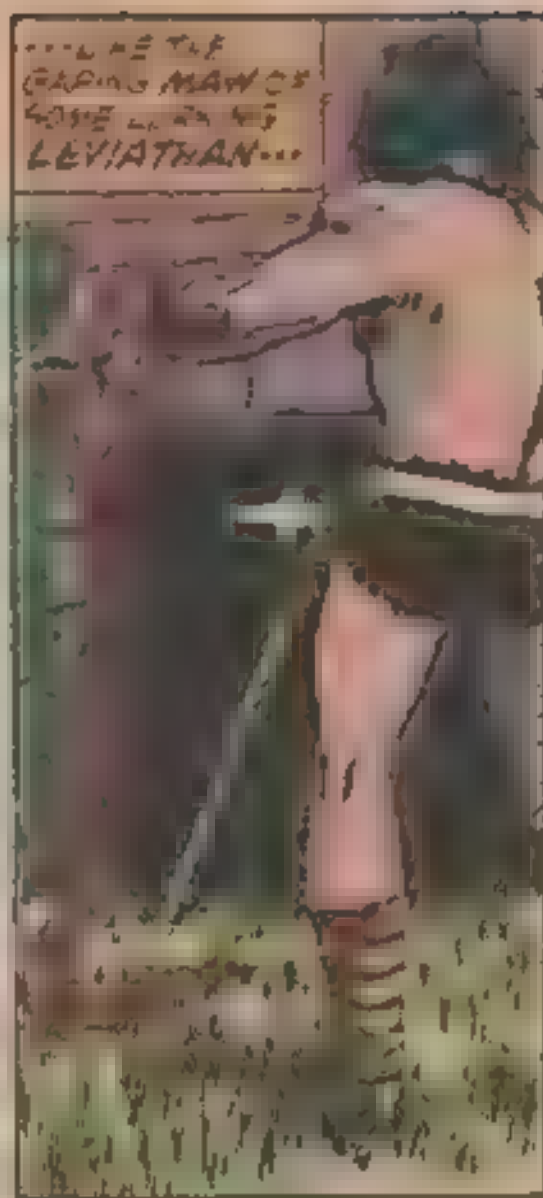


ONE WHO
STAYS
TO FIND THE
DOGS
HIDEOUT...



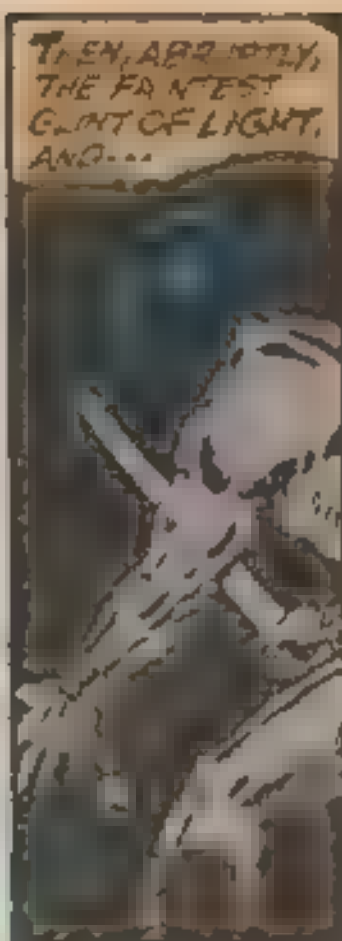
...AND
STAYS TO
FIND THE
DOGS
HIDEOUT...

...THIS HOUSE WHICH,
MORE THAN EVER,
SEEMS TO BE A
BLOOD AND SWEET
DEATH.





...ON INTO
THE COLD AND
GLAMMY GLOOM...

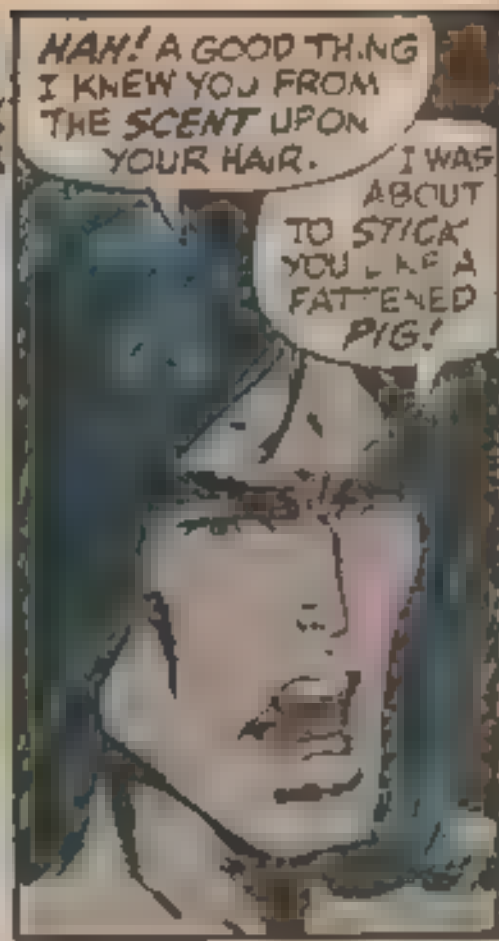


THEN, ABRUPTLY,
THE FANTEST
GLINT OF LIGHT,
AND...



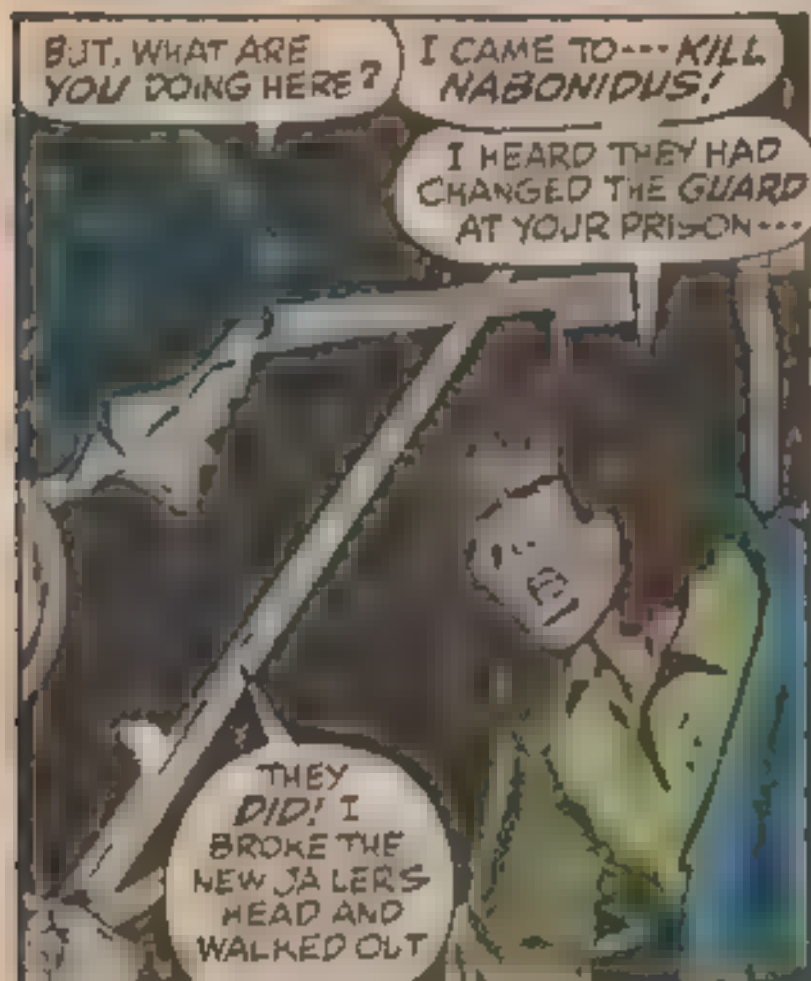
MURILO! 'S
THAT YOU?

CONAN!?



HAH! A GOOD THING
I KNEW YOU FROM
THE SCENT UPON
YOUR HAIR.

I WAS
ABOUT
TO STICK
YOU LIKE A
FATTENED
PIG!

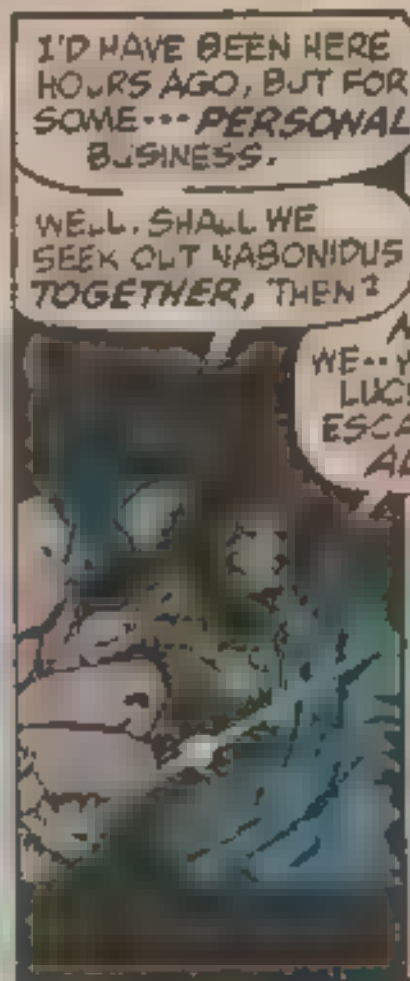


BUT, WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?

I CAME TO--- KILL
NABONIDUS!

I HEARD THEY HAD
CHANGED THE GUARD
AT YOUR PRISON---

THEY
DID! I
BROKE THE
NEW JAILERS
HEAD AND
WALKED OUT



I'D HAVE BEEN HERE
HOURS AGO, BUT FOR
SOME--- PERSONAL
BUSINESS.

WELL, SHALL WE
SEEK OUT NABONIDUS
TOGETHER, THEN?

NO!
WE-- WE'LL BE
LUCKY TO
ESCAPE HERE
ALIVE.



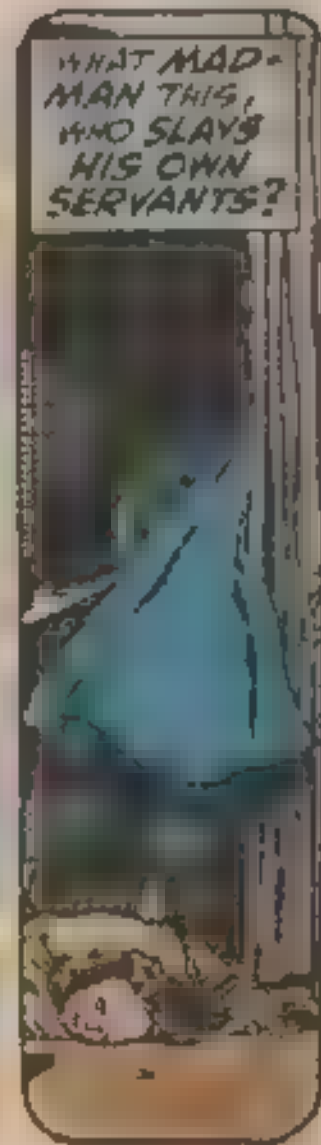
CONAN--- I
CAME TO THIS
HOUSE SEEK-
ING A HUMAN
ENEMY.

WHAT I FOUND
WAS--- A
MONSTROUS
ARCH-FIEND!

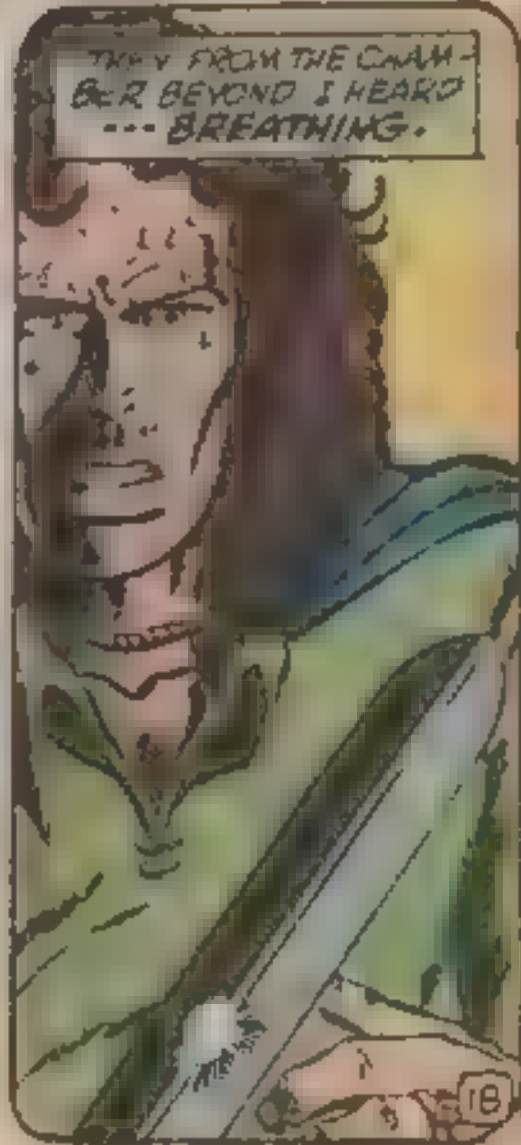
"I GAINED ACCESS TO THE HOUSE
--AND WITH A T I CAME UPON THE
RED PRIEST'S MAN, JOKA---



HIS NECK
HAD BEEN
BROKEN
LIKE A
TWIG---

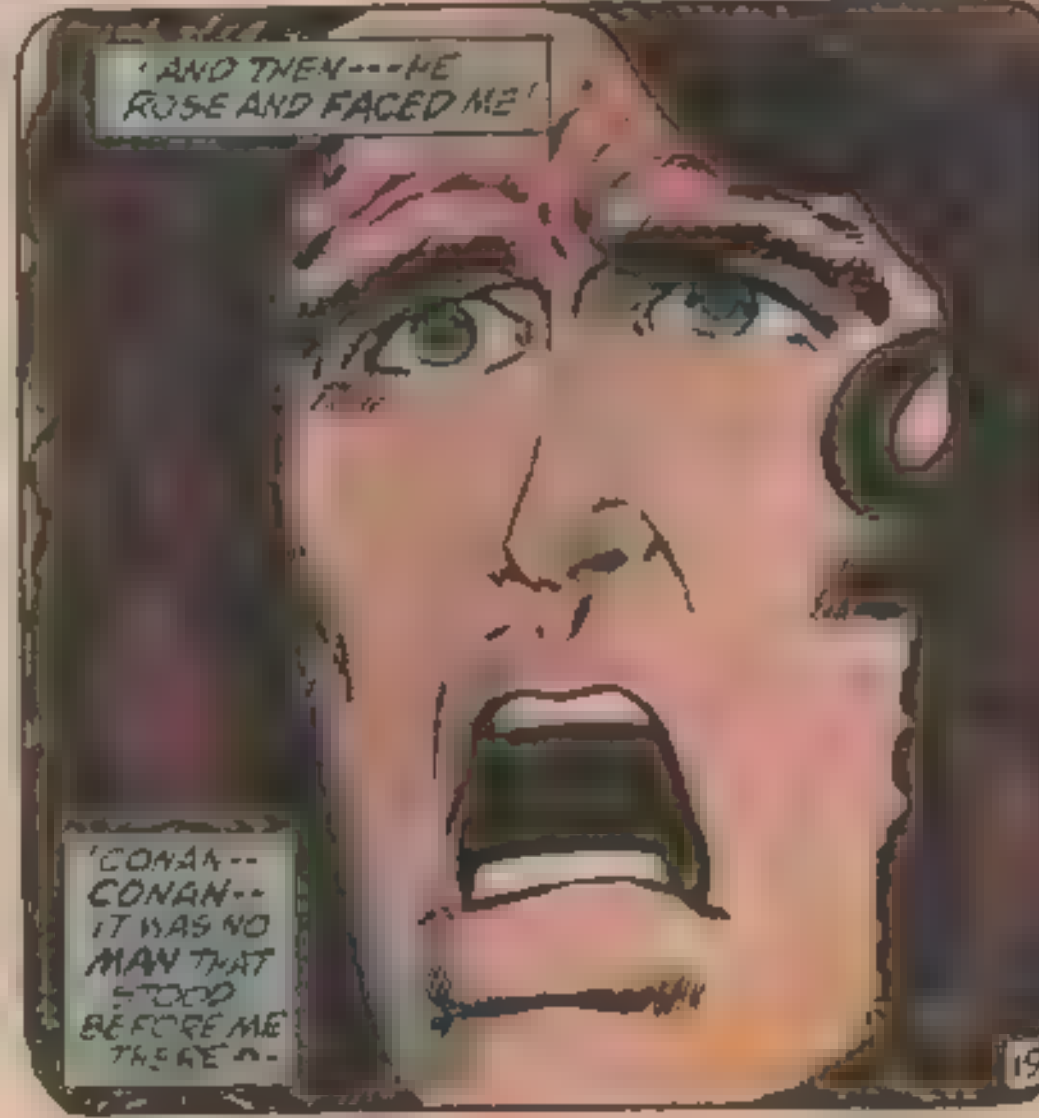
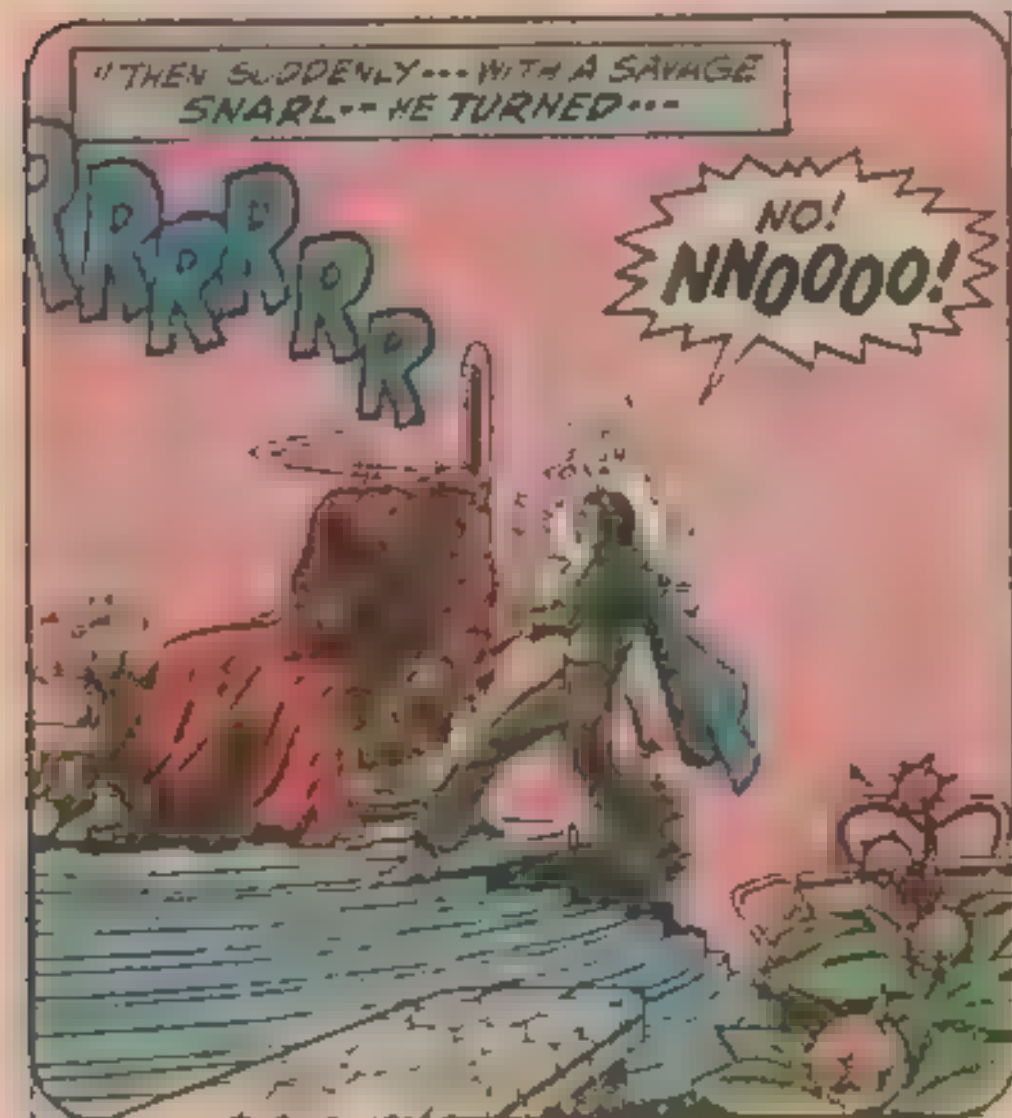
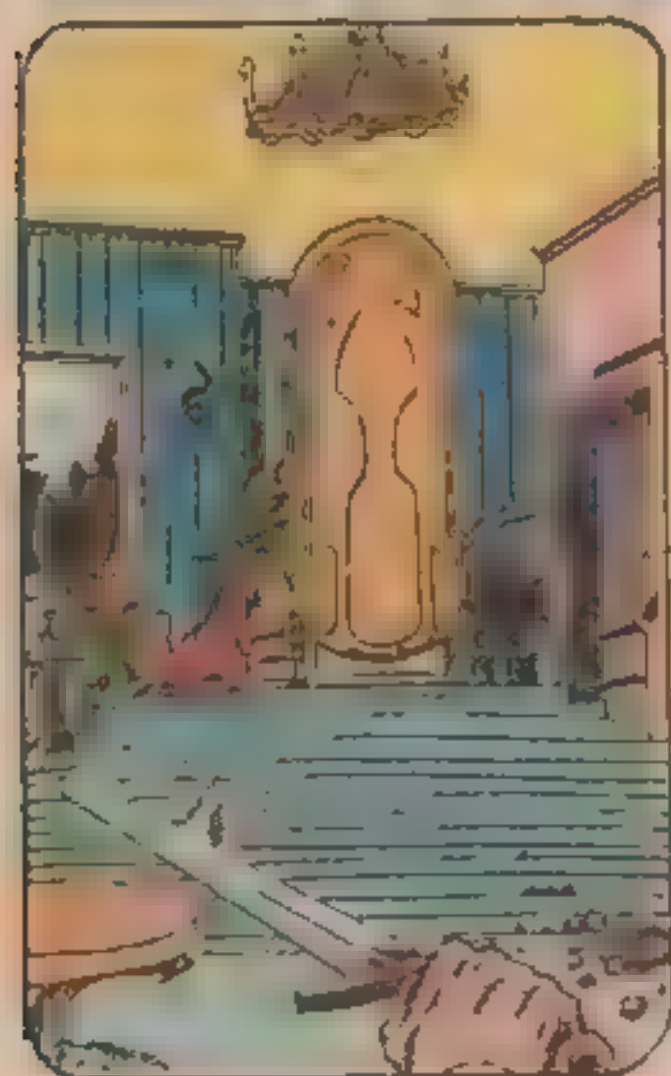


WHAT MAD-
MAN THIS,
WHO SLAYS
HIS OWN
SERVANTS?



FROM THE CHAM-
BER BEYOND I HEARD
--- BREATHING.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



"...BUT A HAIRY
DEVIL OUT OF
HELL!"

"BENEATH THE
CRIMSON HOOD
GRINNED A FACE
OF MADNESS AND
NIGHTMARE...EYES
WHICH GLARED REDLY
GREAT FLARING NOS-
TRILS AND YELLOW
FANGS--- HUGE.
MISSHAPEN HANDS
---ALL THIS I SAW
AT A GLANCE---

"THEN I
WAS OVER-
COME WITH
HORROR...
MY SENSES
LEFT ME...
AND I
SWOONED...

...TO AWAKEN IN
THESE DARKSOME
PITS.

...E SA WERE-
THING, CONAN...
WHO TAKES ON
S TRUE ASPECT
BY NIGHT.

EVERY-
ONE KNOWS
THERE ARE MEN
WHO TAKE THE
FORM OF WOLVES
AT WILL!

DO YOU
STILL
WANT
TO TRY
TO KILL
HIM,
THEN?

USELESS.
HUMAN
WEAPONS
CANNOT
HARM A
WERE-
MAN.

LET'S
GET
OUT
OF
HERE.

MURLO YOU'RE
A MAN AFTER MY
OWN HEART.

THEN LET'S
SEARCH FOR SOME
OTHER EXIT--WHILE
WE STILL CAN!

DOUBTLESS
THEY'RE ALL
SET WITH
TRAPS, BUT
WE HAVE NO...

WHO'S
THAT?

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



YOU GUARD
MY FLANKS,
CONAN.

I'LL SEE
JUST WHO...

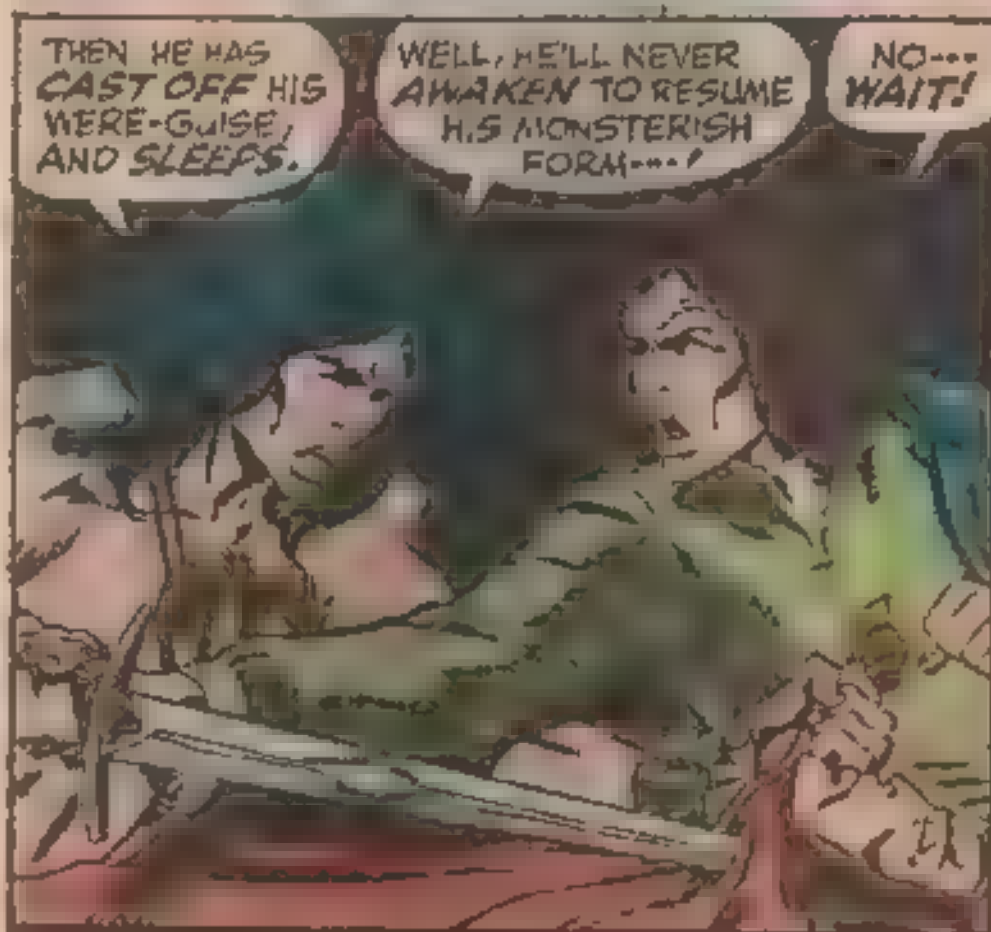


HOLY
MITRA!

MURLO--?



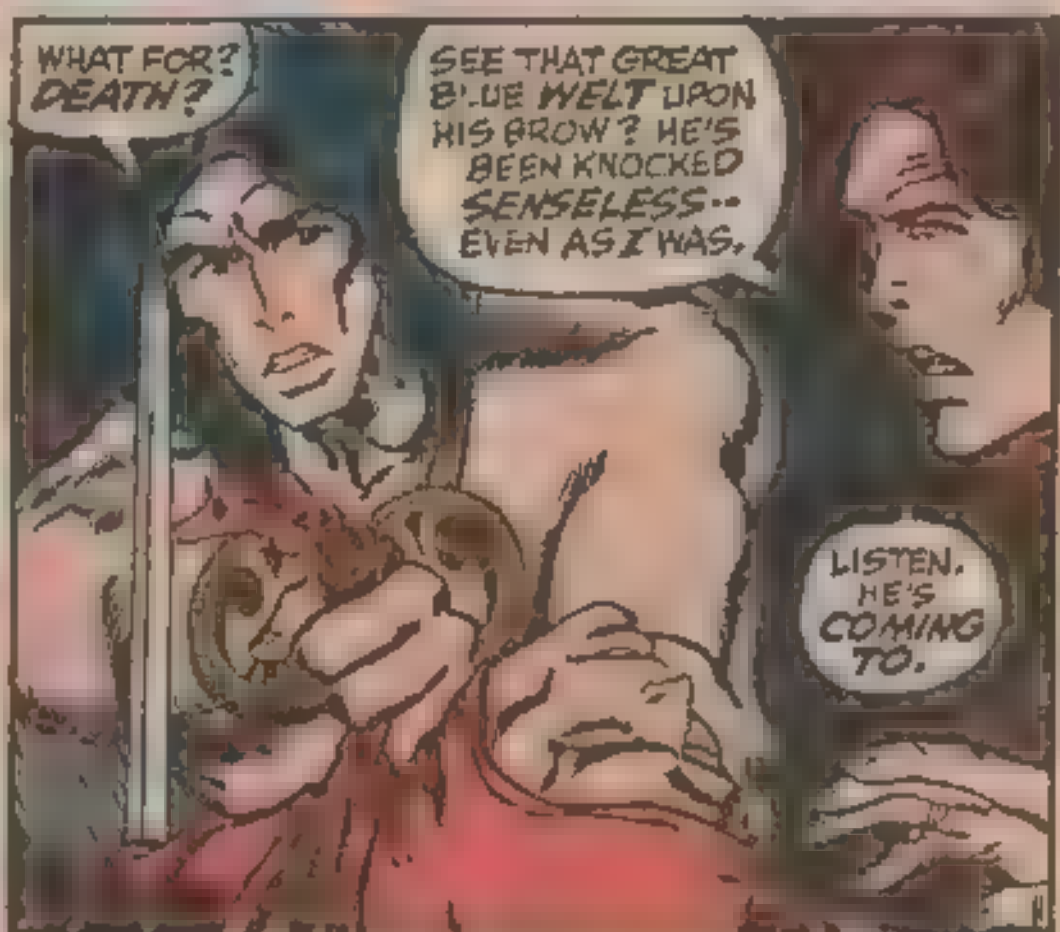
IT'S
NABONIDUS--
THE RED PRIEST
HIMSELF!



THEN HE WAS
CAST OFF HIS
WERE-GUISE,
AND SLEEPS.

WELL, HE'LL NEVER
AWAKEN TO RESUME
HIS MONSTERISH
FORM--

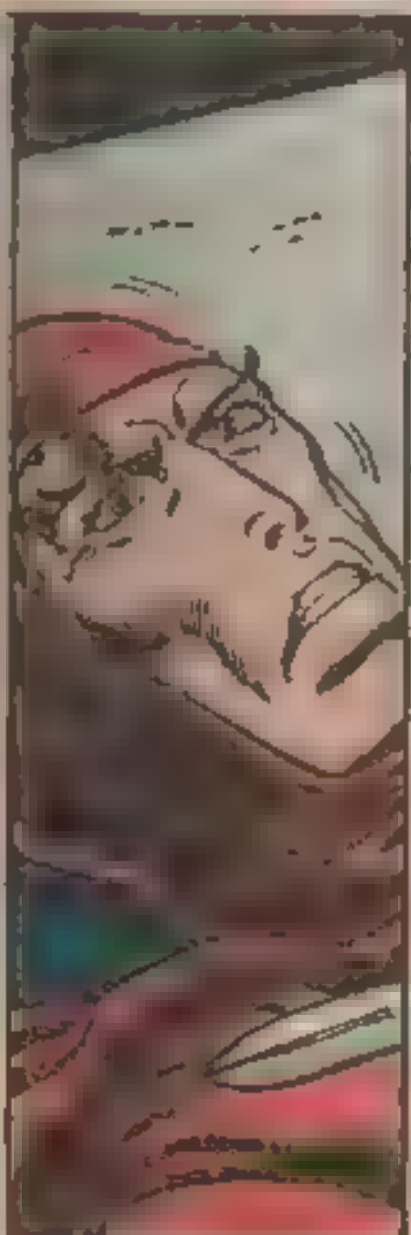
NO---
WAIT!



WHAT FOR?
DEATH?

SEE THAT GREAT
BLUE WELT UPON
HIS BROW? HE'S
BEEN KNOCKED
SENSELESS--
EVEN AS I WAS.

LISTEN,
HE'S
COMING
TO.



YOU HONOR MY
HOUSE MURLO---
BUT YOU CAME NOT
ALONE, I SEE.

WAS YOUR
SWORD NOT
SUFFICIENT---

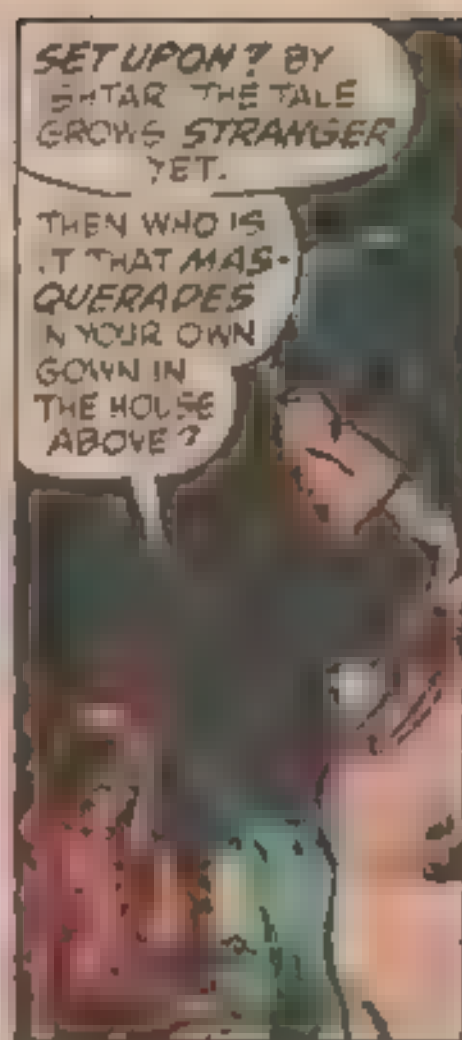
---TO
SEVER THE
LIFE OF MY
HUMBLE SELF?



ENOUGH OF THIS. HOW LONG HAVE YOU LAIN HERE?

A PECULIAR QUERY, WELL I KNOW NOT WHAT TIME IT IS NOW...

BUT IT LACKED AN HOUR OR SO OF MID-NIGHT WHEN I WAS SET UPON



SET UPON? BY WHAT TALE GROWS STRANGER YET.

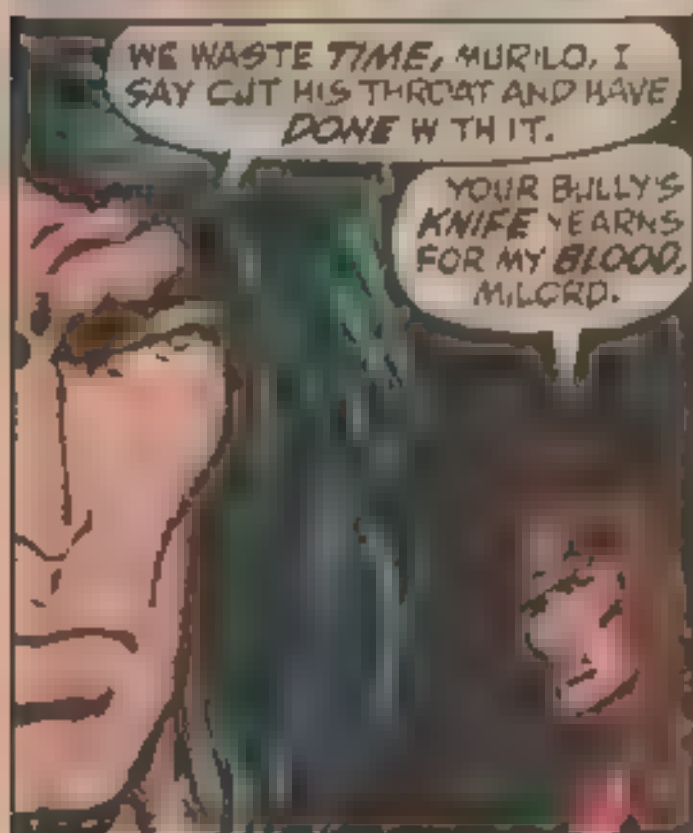
THEN WHO IS IT THAT MAS-QUERADES IN YOUR OWN GOWN IN THE HOUSE ABOVE?



THAT WILL BE... THANK!

AND IN MY GOWN, YOU SAY?

THE DOG!



WE WASTE TIME, MURILLO, I SAY CUT HIS THROAT AND HAVE DONE WITH IT.

YOUR BULLY'S KNIFE YEARNES FOR MY BLOOD, MILORD.



BUT YOU ARE IN GOOD COMPANY WITH THAT OUTTHROAT

FOR EYELED YOUR SERVANT TOLD ME MANY INTERESTING THINGS...



...INCLUDING THE DETAILS OF THE STATE SECRETS WHICH YOU FILCHED AND SOLD TO RIVAL POWERS

ARE YOU NOT ASHAMED, MURILLO?



AND WHAT OF YOU... WHO PLUNDER A WHOLE KINGDOM FOR YOUR PERSONAL GREED?

TH'S CIMMERIAN IS THE MOST HONEST MAN OF THE THREE OF US!

WE ARE ROGUES TOGETHER, THEN.

WHAT NOW? MY LIFE?

IF WE SPARE IT... WILL YOU VOW TO KEEP SILENT ABOUT MY-- INDISCRETIONS?



WHEN'DD A PRIEST KEEP AN OATH?

THEY SAY IN THE MAZE TH'S ONE'S BLOOD MUST BE BLACK AS H'S HEART.

I WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT.



WE NEED HIM CONAN -- TO LEAD US OUT OF TH'S PLACE. WELL, NABONIDUS? ...WHAT SAY YOU?

WHAT SAYS A WOLF WITH ITS LEG IN THE TRAP?

I DO SWEAR, BY THE SOUL OF MITRA.

EVEN YOU WOULD NOT BREAK THAT OATH.



THEN LEAD ON, VILLAIN... FOR ALL OUR SAKES.

EH? WHAT IS THAT
DIM SILVER DISK
HONDER?

IN A MOMENT. THERE, BY THE BY IS THE
ONLY POSSIBLE EXIT FROM THIS LABYRINTH.

THE DOOR
AT THE TOP
...IS IT
BOLTED?

I DOUBT
IT.. BUT HE
WHO WOULD GO
THRU THAT
DOOR MIGHT
BETTER CUT HIS
OWN THROAT
FIRST!

THIS GREAT
MIRROR.. REFLECTING
THE LIGHT OF MANY
MIRRORS IN THE CHAM-
BERS ABOVE... WILL
SHOW YOU
WHY.

IN MITRA'S
NAME--
WHAT..

THAT S...
THAK!

DO NOT FEAR YET, MY
FRIENDS-- HE DOES NOT
SEE US.. THAT IS BUT
HIS IMAGE--

--PROTECTED HERE
AS I SAID BY COUNT-
LESS MIRRORS
WHICH I HAVE MADE
AN ELABORATE SPY-
ING SYSTEM.

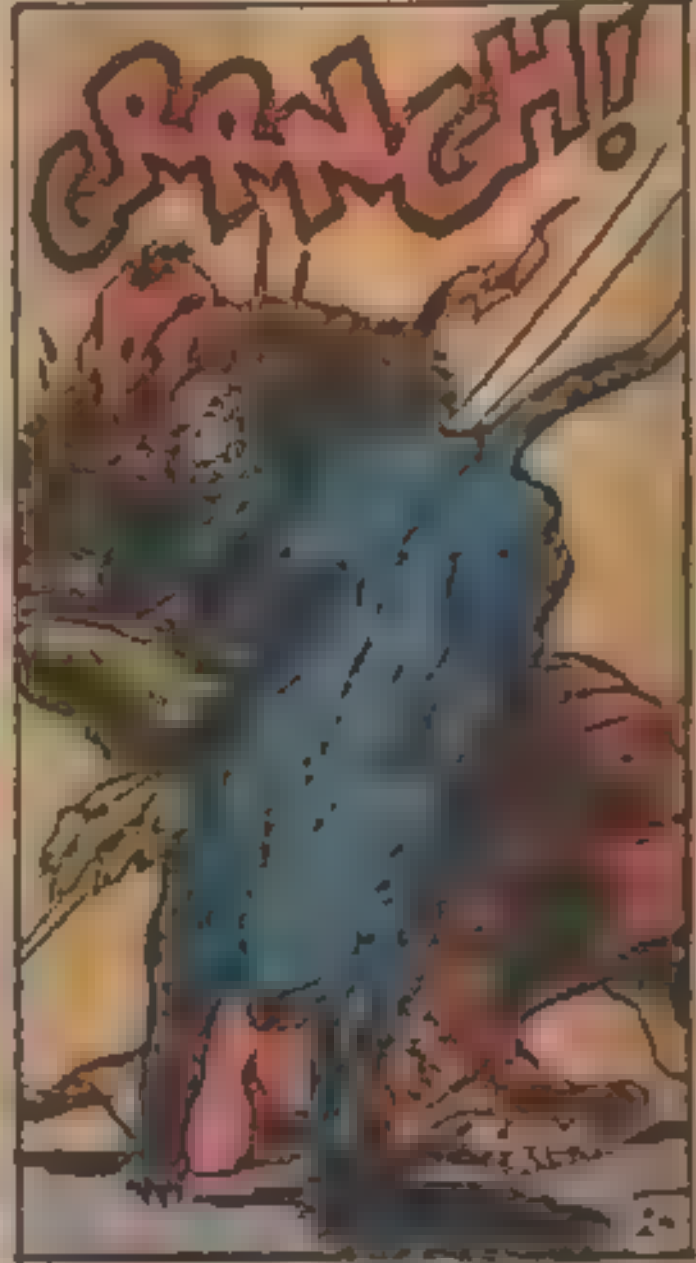
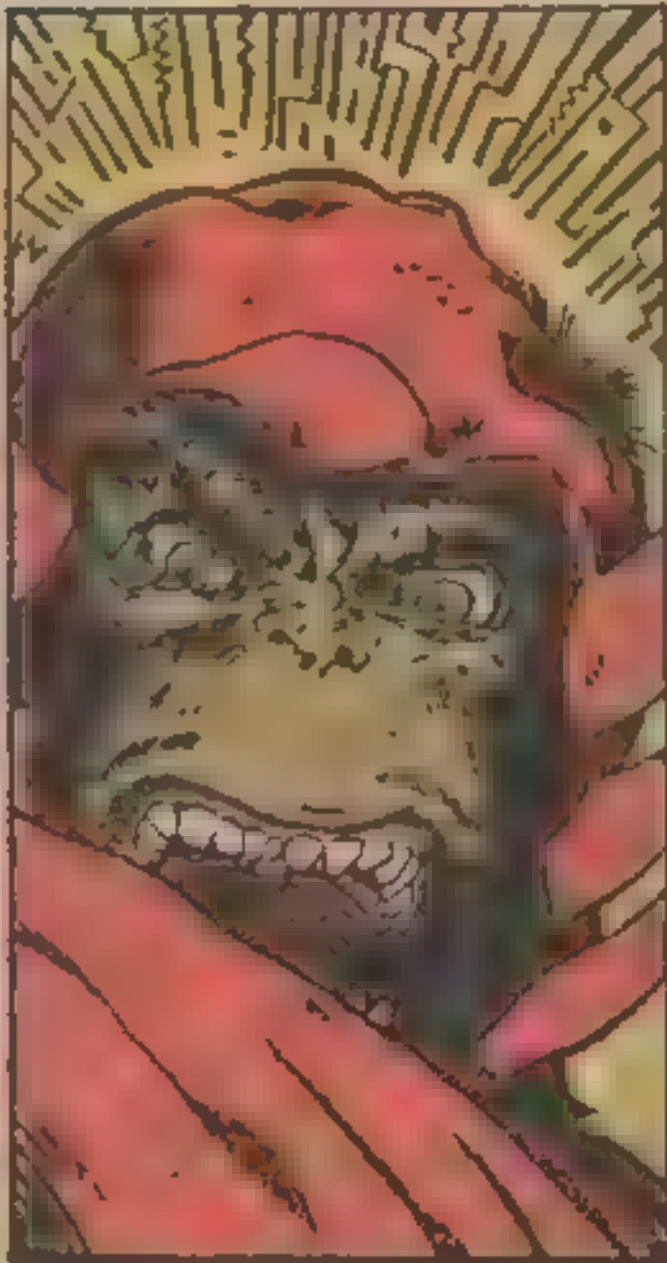
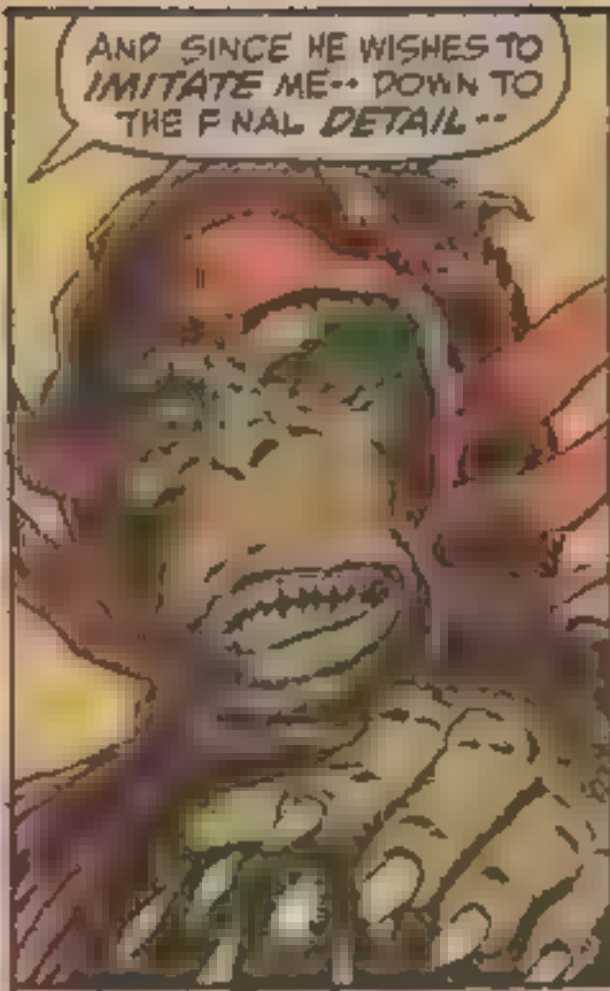
BUT.. HE
IS SOME
SORT OF
APE.

YES... SOME MIGHT
CALL HIM THAT. YET
HE IS AS DIFFERENT
FROM A REAL APE
AS FROM A REAL
MAN.

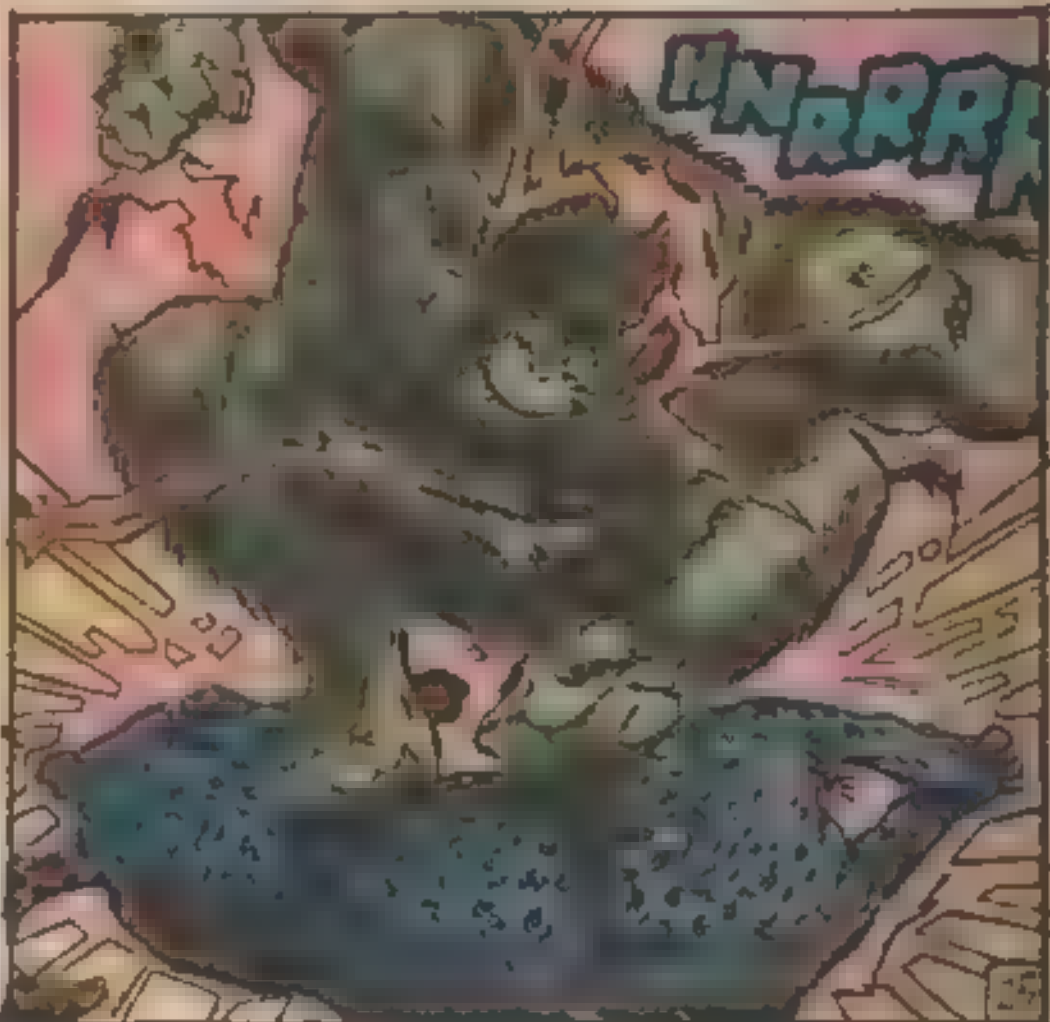
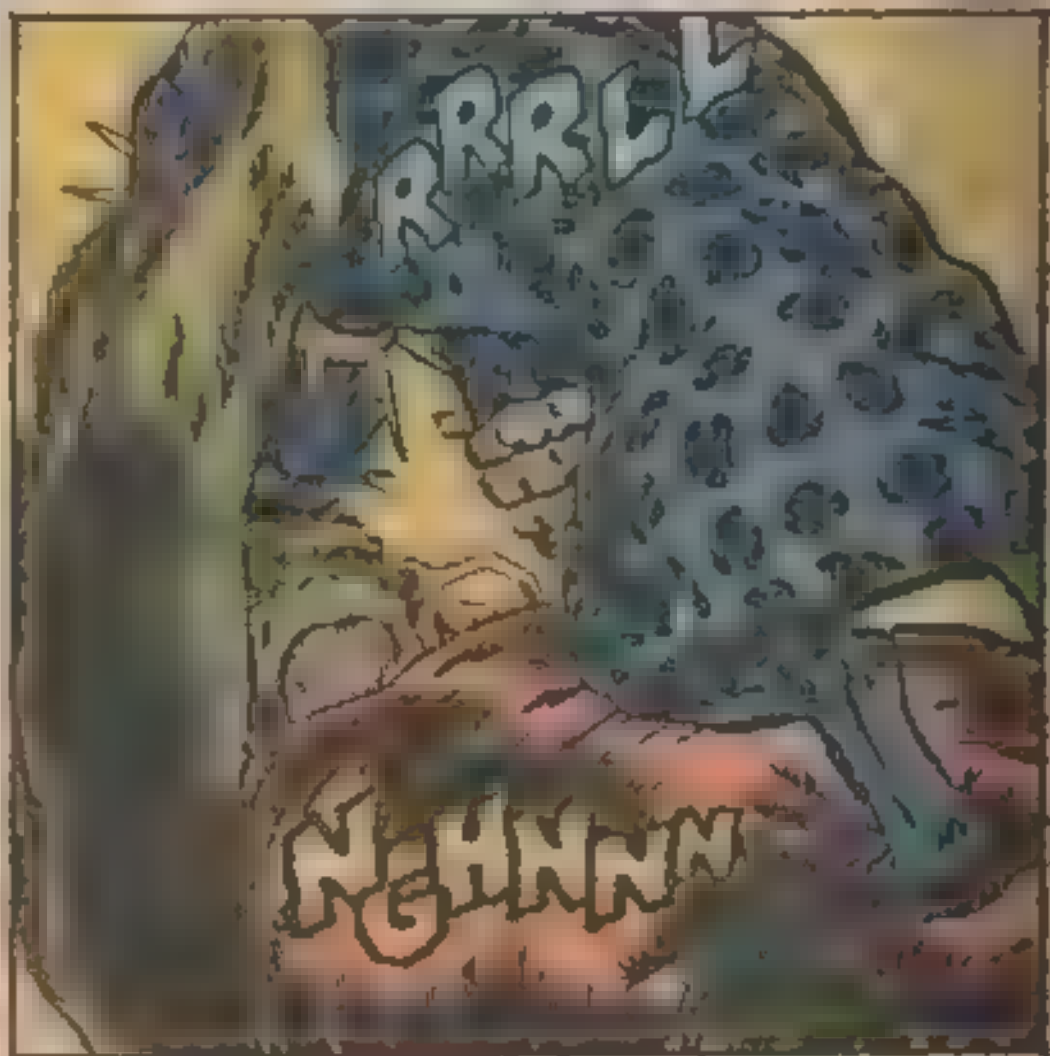
HIS IS A MOUNTAIN-
DWELLING RACE...
I STOLE HIM WHEN
HE WAS BUT A CUB,
TRAINED HIM TO BE
THE ONE SERVANT
I THOUGHT I COULD
TRUST...

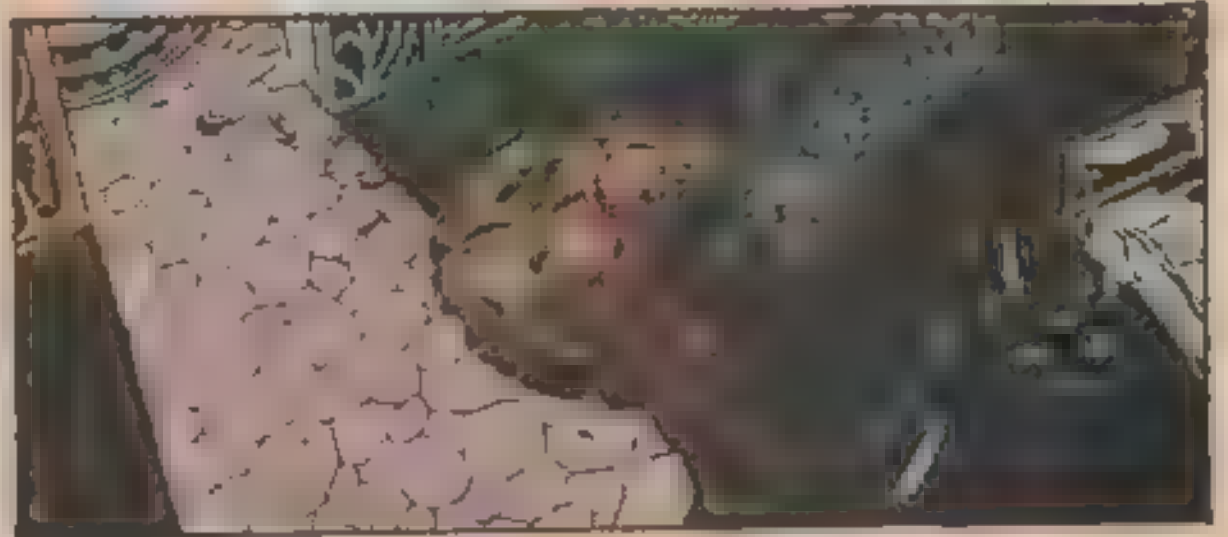
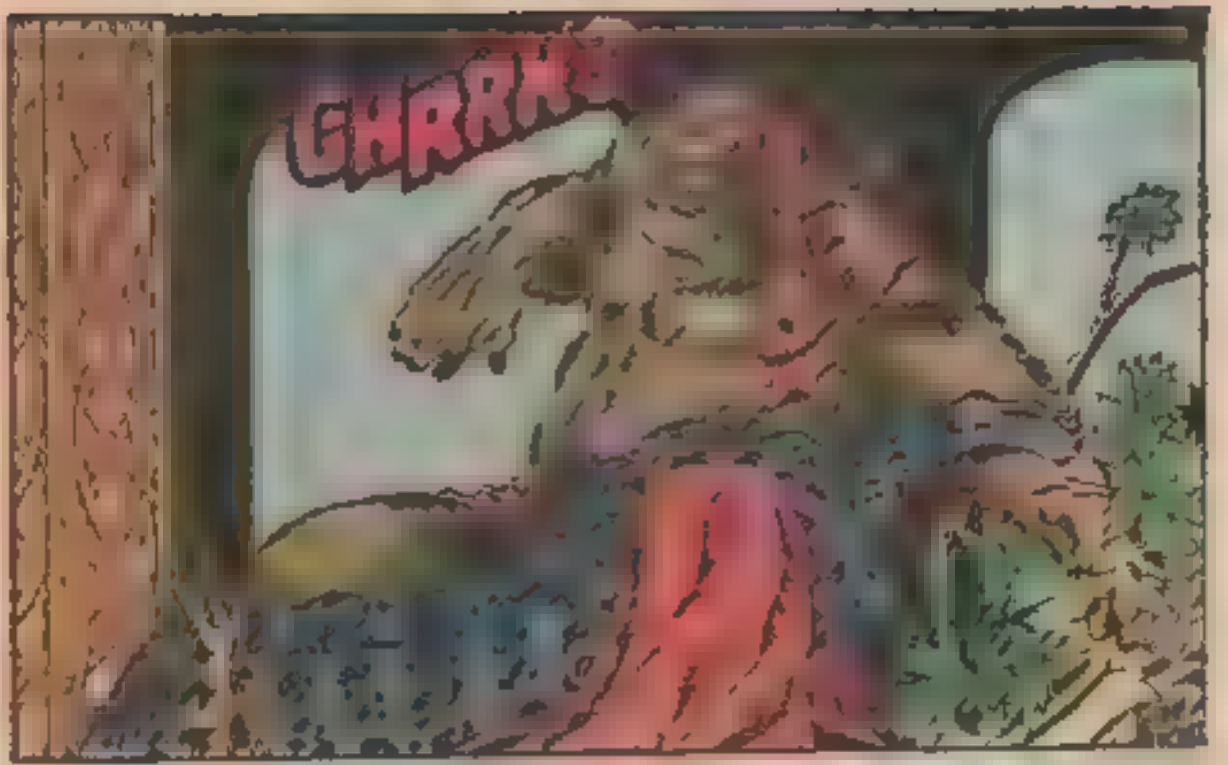
YET HIS
SEMI-BRAIN
MUST HAVE
FORMED BESTIAL
AMBITIONS ALL
ITS OWN-- AND HE
STRUCK WHEN
I LEAST EXPECTED
IT.

AH.. NOW
LOOK AT
HIM..!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE







NAY! ALL THE
A HEARING
THAK--THOU--
YOUR VOCABU-
LARY COULD
STAND SOME
IMPROVING.

THE
MIRROR
S BLANK.
WHY
D HE
GO?



RUNNING AMOK
THRU THE HOUSE S
MY G--SS BARBARIAN.

HE S LEARNED IT
TAKES MORE THAN
PURLOINED ROBES
TO TURN AN APE-MAN
INTO THE RED
PRIEST...



--SO HE SMASHES ALL
THAT REMINDS HIM OF ME!

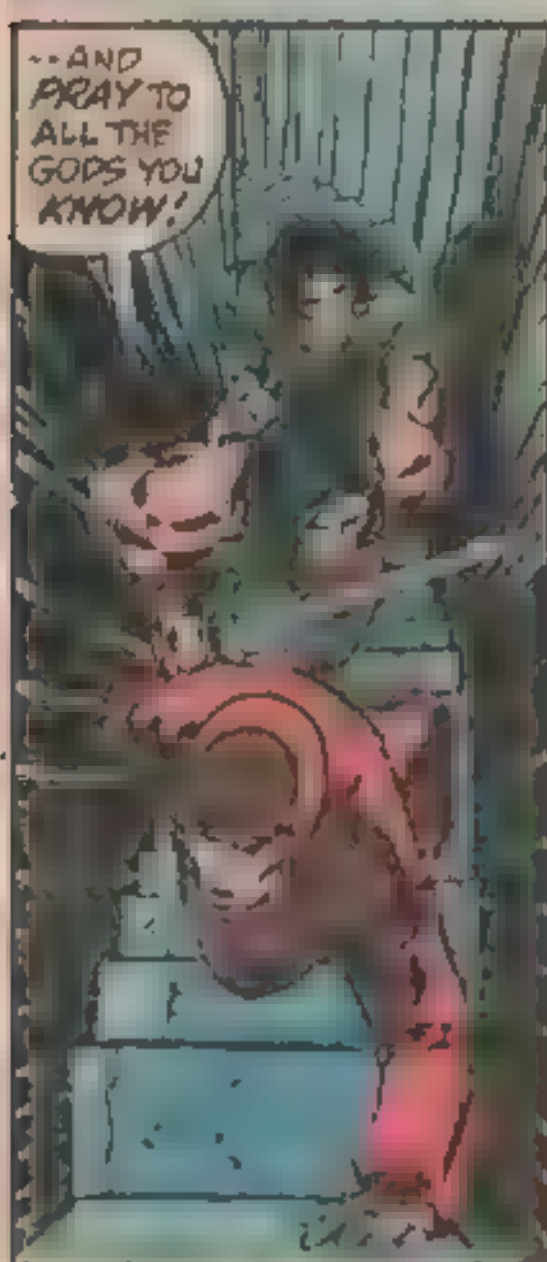
Howl!



THEN--THIS MAY BE OUR
ONE CHANCE TO FLEE THRU
THE FLOORS ABOVE.

WHAT SAY YOU,
NABONDUS?

I SAY...
FOLLOW
ME..



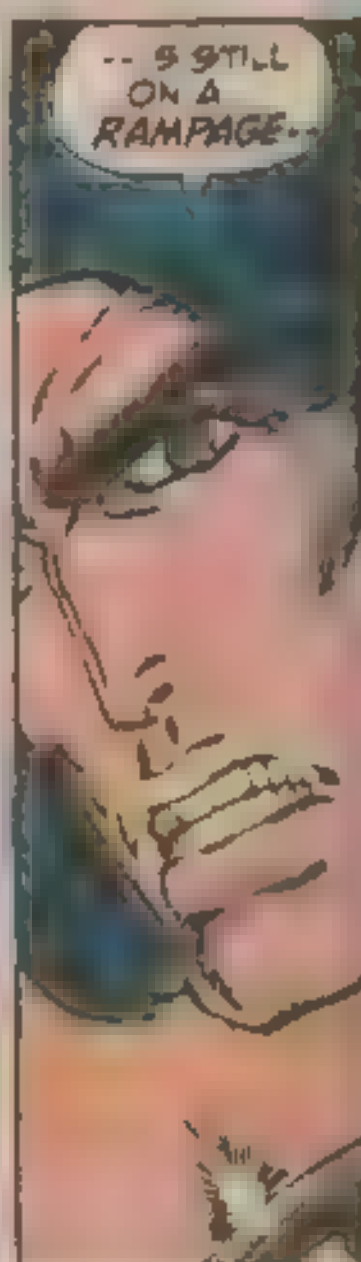
--AND
PRAY TO
ALL THE
GODS YOU
KNOW!



PRAY? BUT, HAVE YOU
NO BLACK MAGIC
THAT WILL HELP US,
PRIEST?

NAY...
I AM A MAN
OF SCIENCE.
MAGIC IS TOO
UNRELIABLE.

BUT--
THAK--?

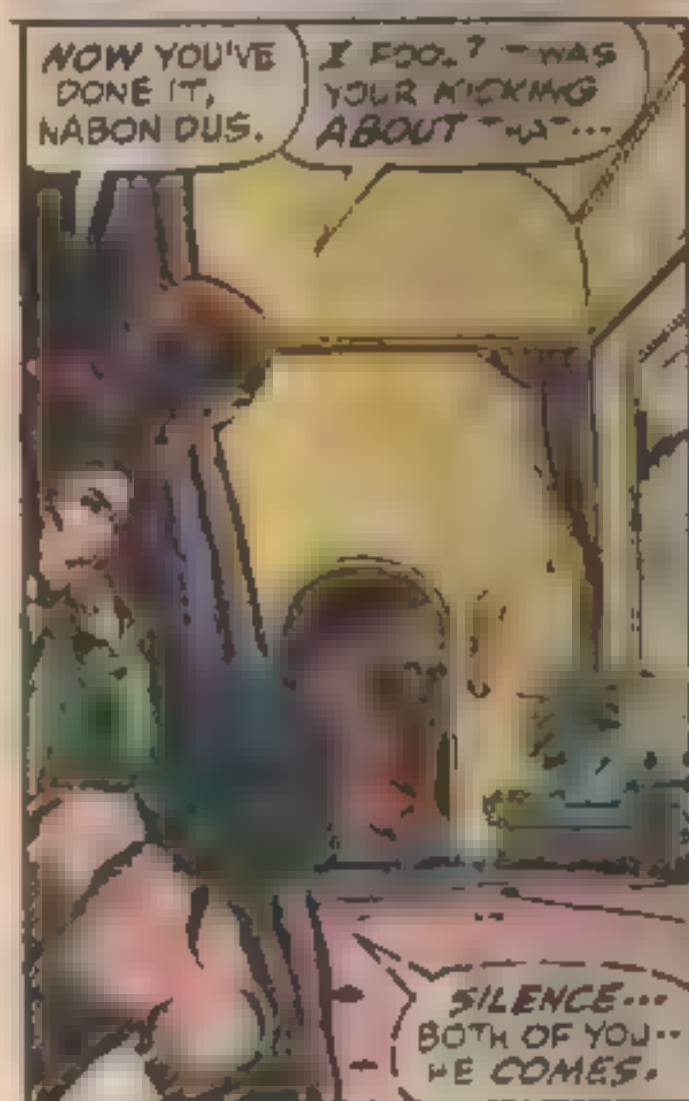
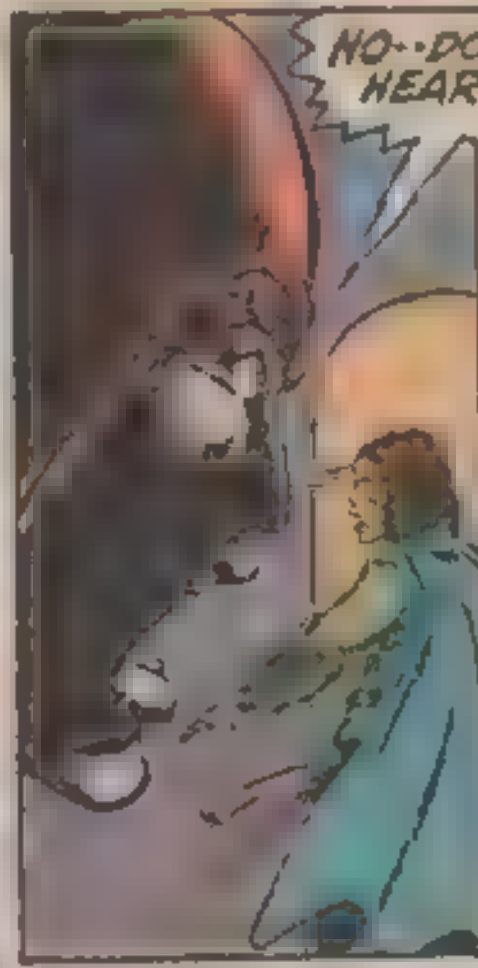


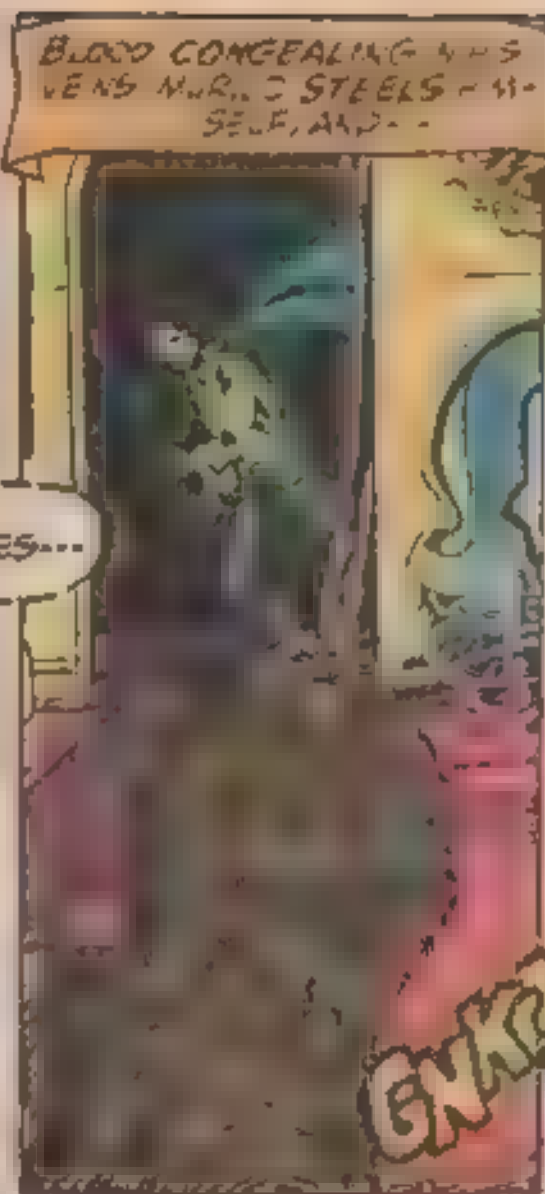
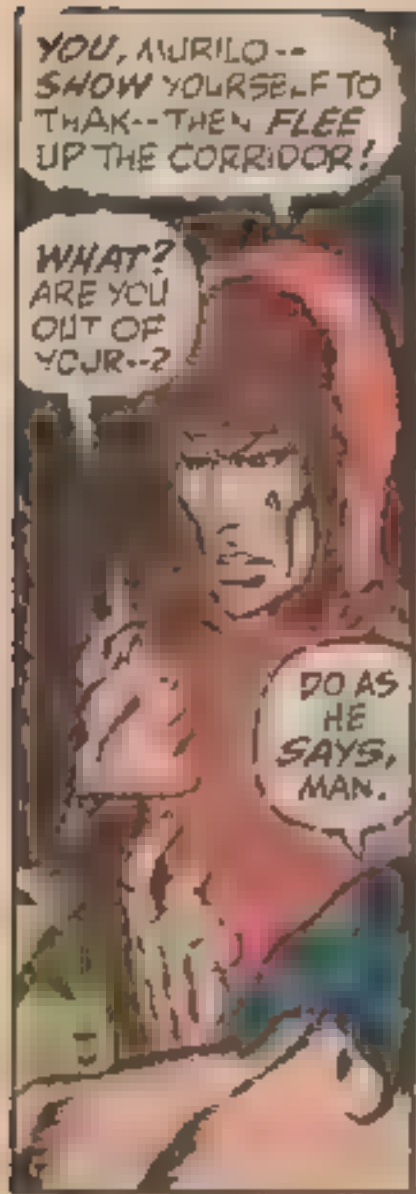
-- I STILL
ON A
RAMPAGE--



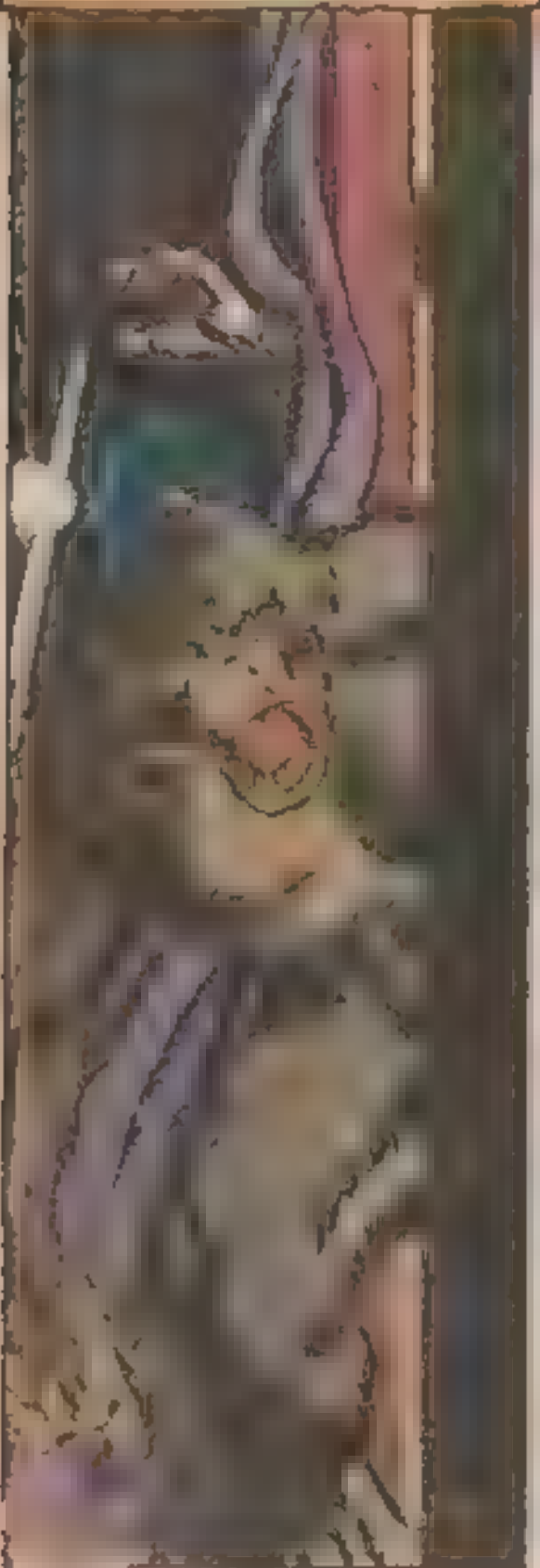
-- NOT TWO CHAMBERS
D STANT!

GRNG





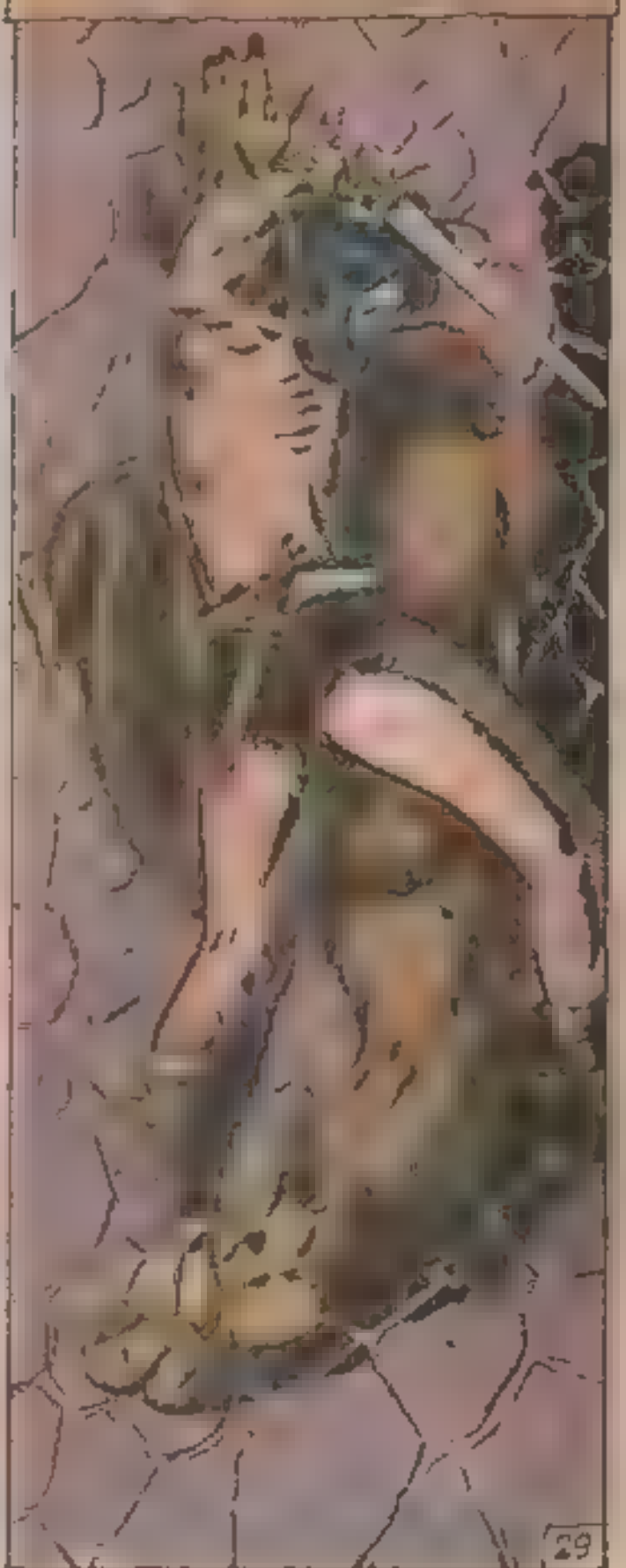
Q. AS MURIL RUNS, THE
SHADOWY MONSTER IS ALMOST
AT HIS HEELS, WHEN IT PASSES
THE GREAT CURTAIN WHICH
LEADS THE HALLWAY--



--A FEAR-CRAZED MADMAN HURLS HIM-
SELF UPON THAT BRUTISH BACK--



- AND WITH A MURDER AND THE
CELEBRITY... THE BATTLE OF MAN
AGAINST MONSTER BEGINS -



FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, THE ELEMENT OF SPEED SURPRISE GIVES THE ADVANTAGE TO THE CUMMERIAN...



...AS CONAN LOCKS HIS MIGHTY LEGS ABOUT THE AF-
MAN'S MASSIVE TORSO...



...STRIVING ALL THE WHILE
TO BUTCHER HIS Foe WITH
DEEP STABBING THRUSTS...

BUT THEN A WHIRLWIND OF RAINING
IRON AND SCARLET TATTERS-- IN SPITE OF
BLOOD WHICH STREAMS FROM A SCORE
OF WOUNDS...



...THE
INHUMAN
STRENGTH
OF THAX
BEGINS TO
PREYAL--!



MURILLO!
HELP YOUR
HIRELING,
FOOL--

--OR ELSE
HE IS A
DEAD
MAN!

I--I CANNOT. THEY
THRASH ABOUT
SO-- I MIGHT STRIKE
THE BARBARIAN
INSTEAD!



THEN AS
ALIGHT SAE
GASPS FOR
BREATH FILL
THE SILENCE
ONCE
MORE...

...THE MONSTER'S GREAT,
MISSHAPEN ARMS AND
WILDLY BACKWARD...



...CLOSE LIKE
LIVING CLAMPS
ABOUT CONAN'S
STRUGGLING FORM...

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

-- AND SLOWLY, INEXORABLY--- HE BEGINS TO DRAG
THE CIMMERIAN AROUND IN FRONT OF HIM ---!



GODS! THE
APE HAS TAKEN
PUNISHMENT
ENOUGH TO
KILL A
DOZEN
MEN.

BUT, UNLESS
CONAN STRIKES
SOME VITAL SPOT
-- AND QUICKLY --
THAK WILL FINISH
HIM --!

--- AND AFTER
HIM --- HIS
COMPANIONS!



PERHAPS CONAN HEARS THE FEARFUL WHISPERS,
AS HE FIGHTS LIKE A WILD BEAST---



HIS BLADE
BITING AGAIN
AND AGAIN AT
THE APE-MAN'S
GLEAMING
CHEST---

YET, IT IS NOT THE FACE OF THAK ALONE HE
SEES, AS THOSE GAPING JAWS DRAW NEARER,
NEARER---



--- BUT THE
GRINNING
SPECTRE OF
DEATH ---!





BUT, HOLD!
THERE IS STILL
LIFE IN THE
HAIRY DOG.

BY CROM...
IF A SWORD
PLUNGED INTO
HIS HEART WILL
NOT KILL HIM--!



YET, THERE IS NO BLOOD-LUST
LEFT NOW IN THOSE GLAZED
EYES... BUT MERELY A GRIM,
A TERRIBLE PATHOS...



-- A PATHOS SHIFTLY HIDDEN, BEHIND THE
SWIRLING BLACK MISTS OF DEATH!



I... HAVE
SLAIN A
MAN TO-
NIGHT...
NOT A
BEAST.

I WILL COUNT HIM...
AMONG THE CHIEFS
WHOSE SOULS I HAVE
SENT TO THE
DARK...

--AND MY
WOMEN
WILL SING
OF HIM.



AHH... I HAVE FOUND MY KEYS,
DROPPED BY THAK EARLY IN
THE BATTLE.

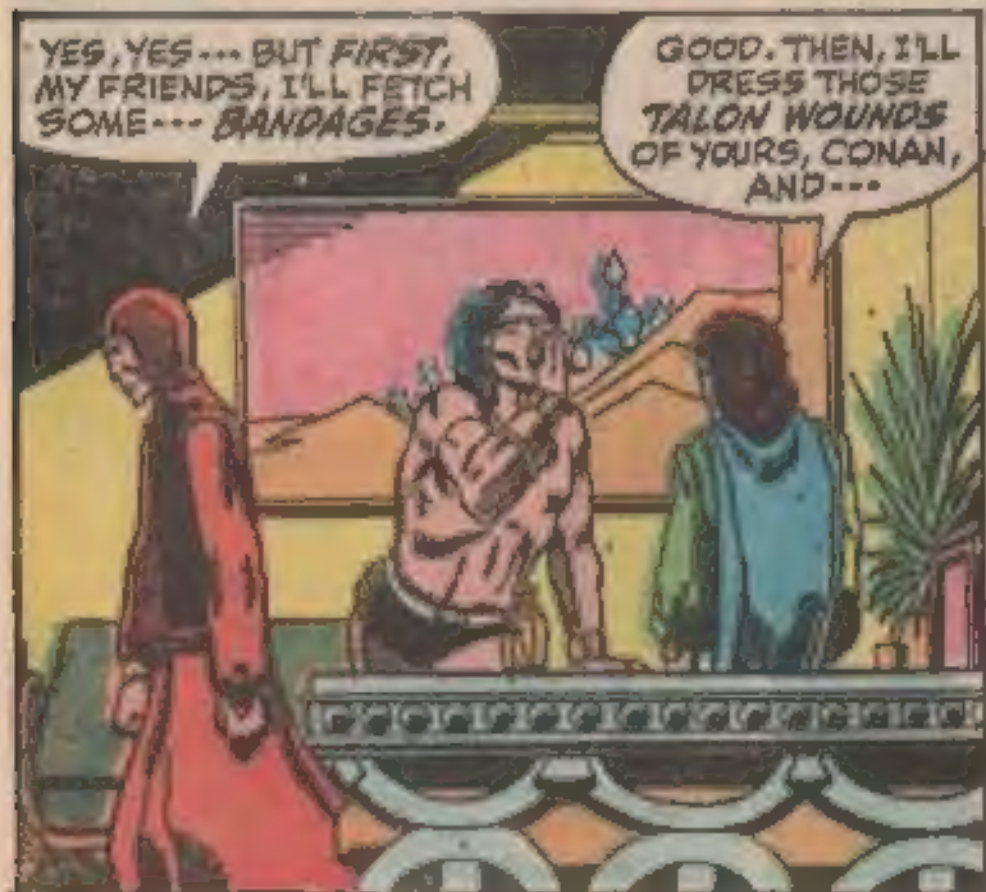
THEN, LET'S
ALL SHARE
THAT FLAGON
OF WINE, EH?



AYE. AND THEN,
I'LL BEGONE
FROM THIS HOUSE
...FROM THIS
CITY.

MURILO, YOU
MENTIONED A
HORSE WAIT-
ING FOR ME AT
THE RATS'
DEN...?

IT IS
ALREADY
THERE.



YES, YES... BUT FIRST,
MY FRIENDS, I'LL FETCH
SOME... BANDAGES.

GOOD. THEN, I'LL
DRESS THOSE
TALON WOUNDS
OF YOURS, CONAN,
AND...



HABONIDUS...?



ROGUES
TOGETHER
WE WERE-- BUT
NOT FOOLS
TOGETHER!

YOU ARE THE
FOOL, MURILO
--YOU AND YOUR
BARBARIAN.

CONAN--
STOP
HIM--!

